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HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY ALEXANDER III., CZAR OF RUSSIA.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*, has been outdone by the American Ambassador of the same name, inasmuch as he has been applying that title to others which the Chevalier kept jealously to himself. Nobody has ever said such handsome things of us as his Excellency has given utterance to in America: the more usual course with his compatriots is to enjoy beyond measure the old country while they are in it, and to wait to say what a very one-horse affair it is till they get home. It is true he is coming back again, but there is no suspicion that his praise is otherwise than sincere, though we have certainly never been so cracked up before. It is characteristic of us English to express doubts as to whether we deserve such encomiums; we are the only nation upon earth that is constantly abusing themselves, and even when we are praised by others we are not content to look modest and hold our tongues. As to the embodiment of law and order who stops the morning traffic in our streets like a magician, with one wave of his hand (but without a bâton in it), we cannot suppose that Mr. Bayard's admiration for him is exaggerated, since everyone who visits our shores is similarly impressed by him; but socially, I fear, we are neither so moral nor so religious as the Ambassador is so good as to believe.

Here is an extract from what may well be called this National Testimonial: "I have never stayed in any house in which that household did not kneel every morning in common prayer to the Ruler of the World. I have been a long time there, and do not remember—nay, I am sure of it—that I ever heard at any entertainment a jest or a story that a man would object to tell his wife, his sister, or his daughter." I am afraid Mr. Bayard must have been exceptionally fortunate in his acquaintances. It is very seldom, I regret to say, that I meet such respectable people. As to family prayers, even in the country—for in London the custom is far rarer—I should have thought in such houses as a foreign Minister was likely to visit they were the exception and not the rule. A house where a big, big D is never dropped—not "hardly ever," but never—must be either a Quakers' meeting-house or a deaf and dumb asylum. Even in the best regulated households (to say nothing of treading with stockinged feet "on the business end of a tinctack") people stumble over the Persian cat or lose the tops of their cues in the billiard-room as they do elsewhere. What do they say then? As for "gentleman's stories," they are not told when ladies or ambassadors are present. But when Mr. Bayard speaks of "an entertainment," he cannot surely mean the theatre, where we certainly often hear things said that we do not care to repeat at home. It is quite possible, of course, for a Minister in a foreign country to know little of what is going on there outside an elevated but limited circle. A predecessor of Mr. Bayard once remarked to me how idle was the talk of the growth of Republicanism in this country, when there was not a single newspaper which advocated it. *Reynolds's* and its like are not, probably, among the journals which are taken in at the Embassies.

The *Spectator* has an article upon "the literary advantages of weak health," which makes me smile, though, as the vulgar say, upon the wrong side of my mouth. I hope for his sake that I know more about the subject than the writer. The term "weak" is, however, a vague one, and I may be flattering myself I come under his category when I am several degrees below it. Some invalids have (I am told) good days; others, alas! only bad days and worse days. He who cannot get about risks coming under the head of the bedridden; the being carried up and down stairs, indeed, amuses the children, who crowd to see Grandpa as a Guy Faux, and their delight is much enhanced if the fox-terrier gets between the legs of the bearers and brings the whole procession to grief; but such exciting incidents in the life of the invalid are rare. It is quite true that ill-health "withdraws us from the competition of affairs," and so far leaves us at liberty to cultivate literature, but to a healthy mind that competition is one of the things that makes life worth living. To be "out of it" is already to have one foot in the grave. It saves one "from the distractions of the world," perhaps, but it destroys that "pleasing anxious being" called a living man. "Health," as the writer in the *Spectator* justly says, "is like money. He who has none is helpless, but he who has a little," he adds with, I think, less truth, "may, with economy and concentration, do more than many who have much." Again, he tells us that "affliction may discipline and instruct the soul." But I fear that it has not always that effect. Some natures are incapable of such instruction, and resent (however vainly) its application. I once heard two old men talking of the effects of old age. One thought, or said he thought, they were beneficent. "And at all events," he concluded, "at our time of life we learn resignation." "But I am not resigned," was the plaintive rejoinder. A cloud of pious hypocrisy surrounds the subjects of old age and sickness, which, perhaps, it would be harmful to dispel.

There is one advantage, I admit, reaped by those who are in weak health: it brings home to them the amazing

kindness and pity of their fellow-creatures. Men are said in their references to the dead to forget their faults and remember only what may have appeared to be their merits; but they do this also when we are "laid by." We may have but little to say for "kindly Nature"—to confess the truth, a very overrated individual—but we cannot but acknowledge our obligations to "poor Humanity," as it is the fashion to term it, for we learn then for the first time how rich it is. Those who have made literature their profession have a larger experience of this, since strangers count themselves among their friends; but as regards their calling, I can see no benefit to it in ill-health, however deep and wide may be the sympathy extended to them. Of course, the sick man has more time on his hands in which to write, but the same may be said of a first-class misdeedman.

Under the head "A Country House Question" the *National Review* discusses the question of tips to servants. Even the virtuous persons who would prevent our gratuities to railway servants and waiters do not, I believe, leave the houses of their friends without showing their sense of the attentions of the domestics, though logically one does not see why they should. For just as, according to their reasoning, railway officials are paid to perform certain duties by their employers, and therefore ought to receive nothing extra from the outside public, so among the duties of servants for which they are remunerated is certainly included the waiting on their master's guests. But the fact is, in the case of railway servants it is not the actual assistance for which tips are given, but for the civility and politeness they show us, which are not in their bond with the company. The austere and well-principled anti-tipper may despise these attentions, and be totally independent of them, but weaker and softer natures are thankful for them. It is pleasant to them during a long journey to see a pleasant face at times at the window, and to hear a cheerful voice inquiring after their well-being. It is not true to say that these civilities are mercenary, for they occur—as many a poor governess will tell you—whether they are remunerated or not; but they are indirectly the result of a voluntary system of pecuniary rewards which, though open to theoretical objection, works on the whole exceedingly well.

With regard to the tips to hotel waiters the case is complicated by the absurd and exasperating custom of charging attendance in the bill. I can remember when there was no such charge, and the consequence was that a guest on leaving his hotel had the by no means empty compliment of being followed to the door by half-a-dozen attendants; the waiter, the chambermaid, the porter, the page, all vied with one another in wishing him "good-bye," with the expression of a hope that he would "remember" them. It was a dreadful experience to a person of retiring disposition and short of cash, and to put an end to it (as was fondly hoped) the item "attendance" was inserted in the bill. At first it was a shilling a day for each person, then eighteen pence, and now it has reached the two shillings. In other words, a married couple pay twenty-eight shillings a week for the use of their host's servants; he might in reason just as well charge them—like the innkeeper who served the gentleman with a threepenny tumbler of brandy-and-water—for the use of glass, plate, and linen. What was intended to avoid an inconvenience became, in short, a most unjustifiable item of expense. Nor was this all, for it was found (as, indeed, might have been expected) that though this arrangement was an admirable one for the landlord, it did not satisfy the domestics. We do the former, we suspect, no wrong in supposing that these gigantic fees for attendance do not find their way to the servants' pockets. Moreover, what seems hardest of all, the original defect was not remedied by it. The departing guest, indeed, was no longer mobbed in the hall, but there were unmistakable signs and tokens that the servants still expected to be "remembered" by him, if not to the same extent. To the austere and well-principled anti-tipper this naturally appears monstrous. Still, what is one to do? What lies at the root of the tip system, as I have said, is not the service done so much as the way in which it is done. No "attendance" in the bill can cover the smiling welcome of the waiter, the cheerfulness of the chambermaid, and the prompt civilities of the "boots." If none of these virtues made themselves apparent, nothing, of course, would be awarded to them; but the hotel servant who neglects to exhibit them is a rarity, and has mistaken his calling. If he is attentive and obliging it would certainly be difficult, except to a very high-principled person indeed, to leave the place without "remunerating" him. One feels we are being "done" in thus paying twice over for the same thing, but there is nothing for it but to pay and look pleasant.

The tipping one's friends' servants comes under a somewhat different category. According to the writer in the *National Review*, it sometimes exceeds what is paid for attendance at an hotel, which, I venture to think, shows great weakness in the tipper. The fact is, some persons seem to think that these "vails" should be regulated in proportion to the wealth of their host; that the larger the wages his servants presumably receive the more they should increase them by our gratuities. In the case of hosts of very high rank, the necessity for ample donations appears to them still greater. This is a very snobbish

view of the matter. Tips should always represent the means of the tipper, and those who are in the habit of frequenting great houses need not give more than they are accustomed to do elsewhere. The servants themselves quite understand this, and the footman in scarlet will take his modest half-crown from the occasional visitor, and even the episcopal-looking butler his five shillings, with unhesitating affability. I once beheld—when, with a crowd of sightseers, I had gone over the finest mansion in England—a threepenny bit offered by one of the party to the major-domo, who pocketed it without remark; but I do not recommend this scale of remuneration to visitors at that house, even from Saturday to Monday.

The boa that swallowed his blanket—"speckled enthusiast!"—has been outdone by his present representative in the Zoological Gardens. This individual has swallowed his wife. There are, unfortunately, a good many people who cannot do this; a very different class of husband has, indeed, been heard to say, in the exaggerated language of affection, that he could eat her; but it has never been done. At all events, as there was only one foot of difference between the lengths of the active and the passive parties, it is certainly a record which will never be beaten. After this unusual meal, though "rather lethargic" and exhausted, he appears to have been none the worse, and his scales have the beautiful iridescent bloom peculiar to snakes in perfect health. What would one not give to know his emotions during that progress of deglutition! Those of his (late) spouse one can guess. There may have been some incompatibility between them. When is it ever otherwise? But on one side at least there was genuine assimilation. What one regrets, of course, besides the domestic catastrophe, is that our human bores have never been induced to swallow one another. I have known several, though with more than a foot of difference in their favour, who have not shown the slightest inclination to take advantage of it in this way. If two bores could thus be made one, how great would be the public benefit, though of course the survivor would be a bigger bore than ever!

Apropos of children's humour—which is often a more touching simplicity—a correspondent writes me that during the late thunderstorm in the South her little girl expressed a wish that she was in Heaven. On her mother's asking the cause of this pious aspiration, she replied, "Because I should then have a much better view of the lightning." This is not a rapturous state of mind, but so far as it goes seems reasonable. Another writes: "My little boy, aged nine, tired with a long railway journey, suddenly threw his arms round his sister's neck and said, 'I'll whisper you a story. There was a little man, very insignificant (*sic*) and he was telling his sister a story, and he said, 'All the great men of the world are dying off, and I'm not feeling very well myself.'" Now, this anecdote, though told I do not doubt in good faith, is not a genuine example of childish humour. The boy had heard something like it, probably the famous reflection of a well-known egotist, "Tennyson dead, Tyndal dead, Froude dead: I feel all alone," and adapted it to his own position.

The authoress of "A Village Tragedy" has given her proofs that she can paint in colours of eclipse; indeed, for my part, powerful as that story is, I never could bring myself to get to the end of it, so very sad and gruesome was its tone. But in "The Vagabonds" the authoress, while by no means exchanging tragedy for comedy, so deftly mingles them that we are held enthralled from first to last, in sunshine and in shadow, and dismissed without any sense of gloom. The *dramatis personæ* are a circus company and the scenes are mostly under canvas. Since "Hard Times" we have not had the subject better treated, but in the present case it is much more dwelt upon, and in a wholly original manner. By what means the writer has been enabled to let us into the secrets of this strange life we cannot guess; it is as amazing, considering her sex and station, as how George Eliot made herself the chronicler of the doings of the pool-players in "Middlemarch"; but no doubt of the accuracy of the description intrudes upon the reader's mind. A more pathetic character, though by no means a morbidly sentimental one, than Joe Morris—clown though he be—has rarely been drawn. His first wife and his second wife, both, unhappily, coexistent, are contrasted with great skill. The humours of these nomads are capitally depicted, and not less the graver part of their lives; they are allowed to use their own language, which, if a little strong, is obviously not intentionally so. Our authoress wittily compares it with that of the "lady who dropped toads and vipers from her lips whenever she opened them, and probably came in process of time to consider them the usual accompaniments of conversation." It may shock some people here and there, but it is, at all events, greatly preferable to the introduction of "dialect." There is an account of an elephant and his doings which has not been equalled, so far as I know, since Charles Reade gave us "Jack of all Trades." Our authoress's description of the people of the circus tallies very well with that given by Dickens. Upon the whole, they are an attractive, kindly race; with all the jealousies, indeed, that are found in the smartest circles, but with little more of vulgarity and with less of vice.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE NEW GERMAN CHANCELLOR.

BY CHARLES LOWE.

I had the honour of making the personal acquaintance of Prince Hohenlohe when he was acting as President of the European Conference which met at Berlin in 1880 to delimit the Greco-Turkish frontier, and I thought I had never met a more fascinating official—in Germany, at least. Polished, amiable, mildly mannered, suave, and even deferential, he struck me as being the very opposite almost of the qualities which one generally associates with the character of a Prussian bureaucrat. In person rather under the middle height, slenderly built, with a kind of studious bend of the shoulders and a curious side-inclination of the refined and nicely balanced head, as if he were listening to someone or pondering an argument, Prince Hohenlohe forms a singular physical contrast to both his predecessors in the Chancellorship. I know not by what association of ideas or reminiscence of reading it was, but I never saw Prince Hohenlohe coming along the Wilhelmstrasse without thinking of old Sir David Lesley, who served under Gustavus, and commanded the Scots at Dunbar.

I do not think that he was ever very partial to a military uniform—if, indeed, he is entitled to wear one—so that he will be the first Chancellor to appear before the Reichstag in ordinary civilian attire, without a sword at his side. And this new departure will not be without its significance. The Prince's appointment to step into the shoes which have been filled by Bismarck and Caprivi shows that the Emperor has inherited to the full the instinct of all his ancestors, especially of his grandfather, for those who can serve them best, the right men in the right place. Prince Hohenlohe has only one drawback for the post he has now been called upon to fill—his age, which is seventy-five, just the age of Bismarck when dismissed from office. But Prince Hohenlohe looks very much younger than he really is, and feels it too. The cares of State in some form or other have ever sat upon his brow, but much more lightly than upon that of Bismarck. He has never been a victim to the wearing, furrowing, aging effects of political passion. His life has always been a comparatively tranquil one, in spite of his conflicts, for his mental composition is a charming blend of the philosopher and the man of action.

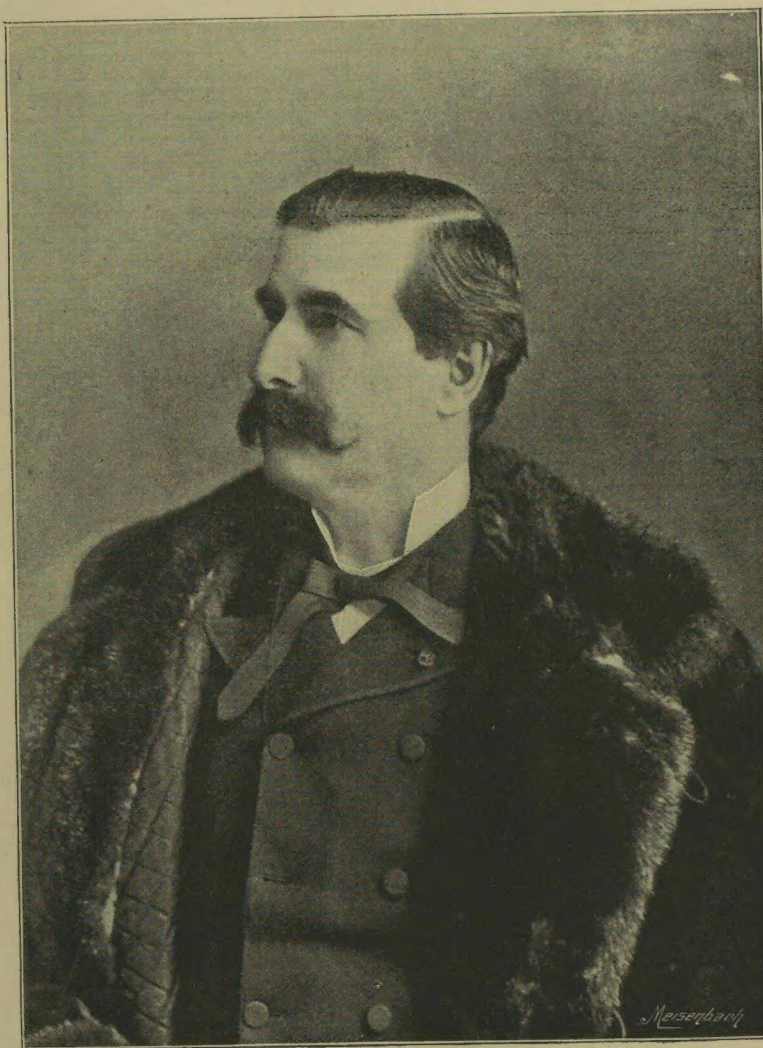
What struck me about him most of all was his great clearness of vision, his tact, his moderation of speech, and his general expression of reserve strength—altogether an exceedingly safe and sensible man. There is nothing almost he has not done in the service of his country—except commanding an army—and everything he has done has been supremely well done. *Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit.* Prussian bureaucrat, Bavarian Deputy, Minister, Premier, member of the Reichstag, Ambassador and Statthalter—he has gleaned his experience of life and his knowledge of affairs in fields of activity and observation which must have made him the most accomplished statesman of his age. That a Bavarian Catholic Prince should have been invited to become Premier and Chancellor of the Protestant Prussian Empire is proof in itself of his being thought to possess a most remarkable combination of qualities.

Not the least of these are his distinguished descent and powerful family connections, which throw those of both his predecessors at the Radziwill quite into the shade. One of his brothers was the late Duke of Ratibor, one of the wealthiest noblemen in Silesia; another became a Cardinal, and another a Grand Chamberlain at the Court of Vienna. The Hohenlohe family—of which the original name seems to have been Rothenburg—can trace itself back as far as Gisbert, Duke of East Franconia, who was converted to Christianity about the middle of the seventh century. Like the Hohenzollerns, the Hohenlohes also split up into two branches—a Catholic and a Protestant one, the former being now represented by the new Chancellor. They have always played a most prominent rôle in the Catholic world of Germany. One of them, Siegfried, was in the suite of the Emperor Henry IV. when that monarch "went to Canossa" to do degrading penance to the Pope, though he returned home before the performance of the humiliating act. It was Siegfried's descendant, the present German Chancellor, who, in 1869, as Bavarian Premier, sounded the note of alarm against the claims of Papal Infallibility, which resulted in the Kulturkampf. His prescience was always truly wonderful. "There can be no longer any doubt," he wrote in February 1870, "that war will break out in the course of this year between France and Germany." He likewise foresaw the unification of Germany under Prussia, and counselled his Bavarian countrymen to accommodate themselves in time to the altered state of things, "holding this to be more expedient than to knock at a finished house of which the doors are already locked."

I cannot recall that he ever committed a single mistake or serious error of judgment in the whole course of his long and varied career. He was beloved and respected by his own Bavarian countrymen, and admired in the Imperial Diet. Without surrendering his independence to Bismarck he ever commanded his confidence and esteem. He made himself popular with the French of Paris, and, what was still more difficult, with the French in Alsace-Lorraine, which he has ruled with such a successful mixture of the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*. It only now remains for him to show that with all his wisdom and moderation he is equal to the supreme task of acting as steersman to the master-mariner who has already dropped two of his pilots.

THE LATE MR. MERCIER.

The Hon. Honoré Mercier, Papal Count and ex-Premier of the Province of Quebec, whose life has just closed at his home in Montreal, was one of the most remarkable men that French Canada has ever produced. Twelve or thirteen years ago he was hardly known outside his own little circle of legal and political friends in Montreal. Like so many of his young compatriots, he took to the courts for a profession, but soon deserted them for the quicker life and easier fame of the Legislative Assembly. A genial open-hearted manner, an attachment to his Church, a quick insight into men and things, a conscience none too sensitive in affairs political, and an abundant and persuasive eloquence formed his capital, and by their aid he soon attracted attention. His chance came nine years ago, when the half-breed Riel had for the second time stirred up revolt in the prairie country in the west. That Riel was a proved murderer no one could deny, and had Sir John Macdonald acted with the decision which the occasion demanded, and ordered his death, public opinion would have endorsed the act, and even the co-religionists and compatriots of Riel would have quietly acquiesced. But Sir John was ever a procrastinator; men called him "Old To-morrow." He let days and weeks slip by, and politicians like Mercier saw their chance. Riel was vividly portrayed as a martyr for faith and freedom—a son of the Church and a French-Canadian patriot for whose blood the fanatics of other sects and creeds were craving. At length the Dominion Cabinet allowed the sentence of death to take effect, but the mischief was done, and Mercierism had established its hold upon Quebec. A General Election in French



THE LATE HON. HONORÉ MERCIER, EX-PREMIER OF QUEBEC.

Canada left Mr. Mercier in absolute supremacy. The heads of the Church held aloof, it is true—they did not like this stirring-up of social and religious strife—but the parish priests and their flocks were with Mr. Mercier to a man, and for four years or so he held the Province in his power not only in local affairs but in federal affairs as well. But for Mr. Mercier Sir John Macdonald would never have seen Quebec turn against him as it did in the last days of his life. What use Mr. Mercier made of his power the Bluebooks tell. Expenditure outdistanced revenue, and heavy loans brought the Province into a position of embarrassment from which it is only now with great difficulty emerging. Still, so long as the money flowed freely in public works, railways, bridges, State donations to churches and charities, all went well. Moreover, who could say a word against the statesman who, to settle the Province with good patriots, gave one hundred acres of public land to every father of twelve children? But the day of scandals came. First at Ottawa, among Mr. Mercier's political foes in the affairs of the Dominion, and then in retaliation at Quebec, in the affairs of the Province. Moneys voted by the Legislature as a subsidy to the Baie des Chaleurs railway had been applied to the election funds of Mr. Mercier's party. Mr. Mercier was never personally adjudged guilty, but the Lieutenant-Governor summarily dismissed him from office; the constituencies upheld the Lieutenant-Governor, and Mercierism came to an abrupt end. At intervals the old flame burst out, and we read of Mr. Mercier talking annexation or independence among his compatriots in the United States or at home; but this talking annexation is always the last resort of the defeated politician, and few paid heed. It is a striking page in Colonial history; and who shall say whether, had Mr. Mercier lived, it might not have had to be rewritten? It is at least certain that, despite his good qualities—and they were not a few—his death removes one of the uncertainties in Canada's future path.

GRAND MILITARY CEREMONY AT BERLIN.

On Thursday, Oct. 18, the anniversary of the battle of Leipsic, the German Emperor attended, in front of the statue of Frederick the Great, before the Royal Palace at Berlin, an imposing ceremonial act. It was that of consecrating and presenting the colours or regimental standards for the new fourth battalions of infantry, lately added to the Prussian army, the half battalions having already been formed and trained. His Majesty, in addressing the troops, expressed a hope that they would "soon take their place as full battalions." The Emperor was on horseback, accompanied by Field-Marshal Blumenthal, two generals, and two staff officers; several of the German foreign princes, besides those of the Prussian royal family, and the representatives of foreign States were present. The escorts of the colours formed an open square. At the altar erected in front of the statue two of the chief army chaplains, the Rev. Dr. Trommel, Protestant, and the Rev. Dr. Assmann, Roman Catholic, in turn performed the religious consecration service, with the prescribed prayers. The colours were then delivered to the regimental commanding officers, and were saluted by the troops presenting arms. His Majesty made a brief speech, to which Marshal Blumenthal replied with thanks in the name of the army, and three cheers were given for William II. In the evening at the Berlin Opera House there was a gala performance of historical *tableaux vivants*, illustrating some notable exploits of the Prussian army. The Emperor and Empress, with their guest, the young King Alexander of Serbia, witnessed a portion of the military entertainments.

THE LAST OF DOCTORS' COMMONS.

The remainder of the old buildings formerly occupied by the "Common House," or College of Doctors of Civil Law, from the south side of St. Paul's Churchyard to Carter Lane, has recently been cleared away. The principal building, which comprised two inner quadrangles, was removed in 1867. It contained the halls for the Judges of the Court of Arches, the appeal court in the ecclesiastical cases of the Province of Canterbury; the Prerogative Court, where all wills and testaments were proved, and where administration of the property of persons dying intestate was granted; the Court of Faculties and Dispensations, under the Canon Law jurisdiction; the Consistory Court of the Bishop of London, and the High Court of Admiralty. All these matters have long since been transferred to other judicial authorities; probate of wills, divorce and matrimonial causes, and Admiralty or nautical cases, to separate branches of the High Court of Justice; the registration and custody of wills to Somerset House; and the Archbishop of Canterbury's Court for dealing with Church matters to the court held at Lambeth Palace, the Dean of Arches presiding.

The old courts were of much historical interest; and most Londoners were familiar with the low entrance archway, adjacent to the Deanery, in St. Paul's Churchyard, and with the figures of the porters, wearing aprons, who waited there to guide strangers to the chambers of the different lawyers, doctors, or proctors, with whom business was to be transacted. Originally, the profession and practice of the canon or ecclesiastical law being combined with that of the Roman or civil law, those who pursued both or either formed a privileged corporation, similar to the Inns of Court for common-law practitioners. Until the reign of Queen Elizabeth, they were accommodated at a certain hostel in Paternoster Row; but in 1570, by the efforts of Dr. Henry Harvey, Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, Prebendary of Ely, and Dean of the Arches, the site in Knight-riding Street was procured from the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's. The mansion then called Mountjoy House, which the doctors at first inhabited here, was destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666, and the buildings were then erected, of red brick with stone dressings, which we have long known.

Everybody must remember that Charles Dickens, in "Pickwick" and in other stories, makes mention of Doctors' Commons, which will now, like many features of London half a century ago, entirely disappear from sight. What has become of the Saracen's Head on Snow Hill, where Mr. Squeers received his unhappy pupils, in "Nicholas Nickleby"? Who can find the true "Old Curiosity Shop" near Tower Hill, or Quilp's wharf, or the den of Fagin in Field Lane, or the scene of Bill Sikes' death at Jacob's Island in Bermondsey?

THE KENNEL CLUB DOG SHOW.

The thirty-ninth yearly exhibition of the Kennel Club, opened at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday, Oct. 23, for three days, was the greatest that has ever been held, comprising 372 classes and over 1300 animals, which occupied benches extending nearly the whole length of the vast building; the toy-dogs were in the central transept. The blood-hounds, mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundlanders, Great Danes, Irish wolf-hounds, and deer-hounds, and many foreign breeds were finely represented. Much notice was taken of the bassets, of which the Prince of Wales sent three, winning a first prize with his Bonnie II. and a third prize with his Beauty II. The Borzois, or Russian wolf-hounds, also obtained a good deal of attention. Few known varieties of foreign dogs were absent; the Chow-chows, or edible dogs of China, were to be seen, but we have not yet heard of their being cooked and eaten in London. There was a pretty pug, named Lady Dodo, priced at £1000, reposing on a cushion of crimson plush velvet, and not at all expecting to be sold.

REMINISCENCES OF BALACLAVA.

Just forty years have gone since the glorious charge at Balacava, and the memory of that feat—performed on Oct. 25, 1854, the anniversary of Agincourt, is held precious. It has this year been celebrated, as usual, by the annual banquet of the officers, still living, who were engaged in the fight; and by a dinner given at St. James's Restaurant to the non-commissioned officers and private soldiers. This famous action was not only a brilliant exhibition of gallantry, but was the commencement, by Lord Cardigan's Light Cavalry Division, of an effectual resistance, in which the British infantry took part, supported by General Bosquet's French troops, to the attack of the Russian forces, under General Liprandi, on the position of the Allies. The enemy had, in fact, already gained possession of the road between Sebastopol and Balacava; had occupied the redoubts, seizing the batteries of artillery, which were abandoned by the Turks left to defend that road; and this movement of Liprandi's was to have been supported by Prince Mentchikoff, from Sebastopol, with the sortie of a large part of the garrison, by which the

"Our order of advance," said Major —, "was a leading line of two squadrons of the 17th Lancers on the left, the 13th Light Dragoons on the right; then came the 11th and 8th Hussars, with a squad of the 4th Dragoons. Lord Cardigan, and Nolan on his dark grey, rode in front. We had not gone far when Nolan gave a frightful yell and dropped dead. I shall always feel that as he died he tried to shout 'Halt!' seeing full well the fearful *impasse*.

"On we went, the Lancers shaking their lances and waving them in the air like madmen, and all the time Cardigan bang in front, for all the world riding as if he were going down the Park. And by this the grape-shot was tearing holes in us. One of our seniors was on a white horse, a rather curious mount, and he was literally blown up at this stage, as we found no trace of him afterwards. Our horses were going fairly well considering their condition, but a bit of ploughed field a few hundred yards from the guns was tiring. Once among the guns, gunners and Blue Hussars incontinently fled, but as we pulled around, a body of infantry stopped the way and some of the cavalry came up. However, they

a greatcoat—a somewhat remarkable exception. Another of the enemy threw down his sword by way of surrender, and at the same time pretended to give up a pistol from his holster. This was simply a dummy—a spirit-flask with a pistol handle—and as one of ours took it, the fellow pulled out a real thing on his right, and tried to shoot. He only tried, as it was terrible to see the way he was immediately cut up. The hardest thing to bear in my own case was, in riding slowly out, to watch a Cossack take deliberate aim at me ten yards away before I could set going at him. Fortunately, the bullet went only through my shako."

Asked concerning General Liprandi's official dispatch containing the Russian version of the affair, the Major said—

"Oh, yes, it was funny to read how the Russian cavalry had charged a body of ours, killing four hundred and taking twenty-two prisoners. Although his figures were, unfortunately, right, his way of stating them was certainly peculiar. Talking of prisoners, I should tell you one of our cornets and a sergeant-major of Light Dragoons, six feet two high apiece, were captured and brought before

LORD TREDEGAR.

SIR ROBERT WHITE.

LORD LUCAN.

SIR GEORGE WOMBWELL.

CAPTAIN TREVAN.



SIR WILLIAM GORDON.

SIR CHARLES SHUTE.

MAJOR-GENERAL MUSSENDEN.

CAPTAIN CLUTTERBUCK.

"Fighting their battles o'er again."

SIR J. MOUNT.

THE BALACLAVA ANNIVERSARY BANQUET, OCTOBER 25.

Allies' camp might have been endangered. The existence of this Russian plan of operations was proved by the events of the next day, when Mentchikoff, having actually moved out of the fortress in the direction of Balacava, was repulsed by General Sir de Lacy Evans. A very different result would probably have attended the whole conduct of the siege of Sebastopol if Liprandi had not been checked, being, in the first instance, charged by the British cavalry, and subsequently opposed by the British and French infantry, who drove the enemy back to the hills above the Tchernaya. The promptitude with which the Light Cavalry charge was delivered was by no means useless; it gained time, at least, for the British infantry to arrive. Of the little band of survivors but few are now alive, so that a recent conversation with a gallant veteran who, as a young officer, led a troop in the rush, will be of interest.

Earlier in the day of the charge the Heavy Cavalry had been engaged with the Russian horse, but the Light Cavalry had not been commanded to render assistance by making a flank charge. Then came the historical order, borne by Captain Nolan, for the Light Brigade "To take the guns"; and whether the guns were those left in the Turkish redoubt on the right of the valley or those which were afterwards the goal of the charge does not now matter. The order was delivered and obeyed.

opened ranks to let us pass, yet we were soon mixed up again, and our fellows were now few and far between. One of my troopers for a moment confused the black and white Russian flags with the old Seventeenth's, and paid dearly for it. Then the guns on our left opened on the lot of us, Russians and all, and my mare's hock was shot away. I managed to catch another horse myself, although one of my brave fellows brought me one simultaneously. For that he got the Sardinian medal. The Chasseurs d'Afrique ere this had charged on our left flank to our assistance, and of course helped us materially in being able to ride safely back. For this every man got the Legion of Honour next morning."

Questioned as to his feelings at the beginning of the charge the gallant officer said—

"I felt I was sure to be killed, and I began to wonder what it would be like. Besides," he naïvely added, "was I not paid eleven and sevenpence a day, with field allowance, to do everything I was told. Of course, when we had reached the guns and driven out the gunners, we could not bring them back without support, although some of us began to try. I should tell you that a Russian Major stood his ground well, and had cut one or two of our weary ones down, when a young trumpeter of the 17th pistolled him. This officer, by the way, did not wear

Liprandi. At one of our Balacava celebrations I was told that Liprandi asked them what they were. On being told that they were light cavalry, he was amazed, and exclaimed, 'Good heavens, what must your heavies be like?' The poor fellows who were taken did not, of course, return until about a year afterwards. As a contrast to Liprandi's methods, the Czar had the true account of the charge printed and posted up in all the Russian military schools.

"An immediate effect of the charge was seen at Eupatoria. A squadron of the French 4th Hussars, afterwards Hussars of the Guard, and the only red-uniformed French cavalry, gave a splendid imitation of our effort, charging up to the guns and capturing three. However, the Russians were good enough to curse and swear that they had been deceived in believing the Red Hussars to be our men, otherwise (so they said) not a Frenchman would have reached their guns."

Requestioned as to the fate of the brave Nolan, the gallant Major said that "Nolan, who had seen service with Austrian cavalry, believed that horse could effect anything. He need not himself have joined us in the charge, but he revelled in his work. Still, I shall always think, and I was near him at the time, that he tried to save us by calling 'Halt!' as he died."

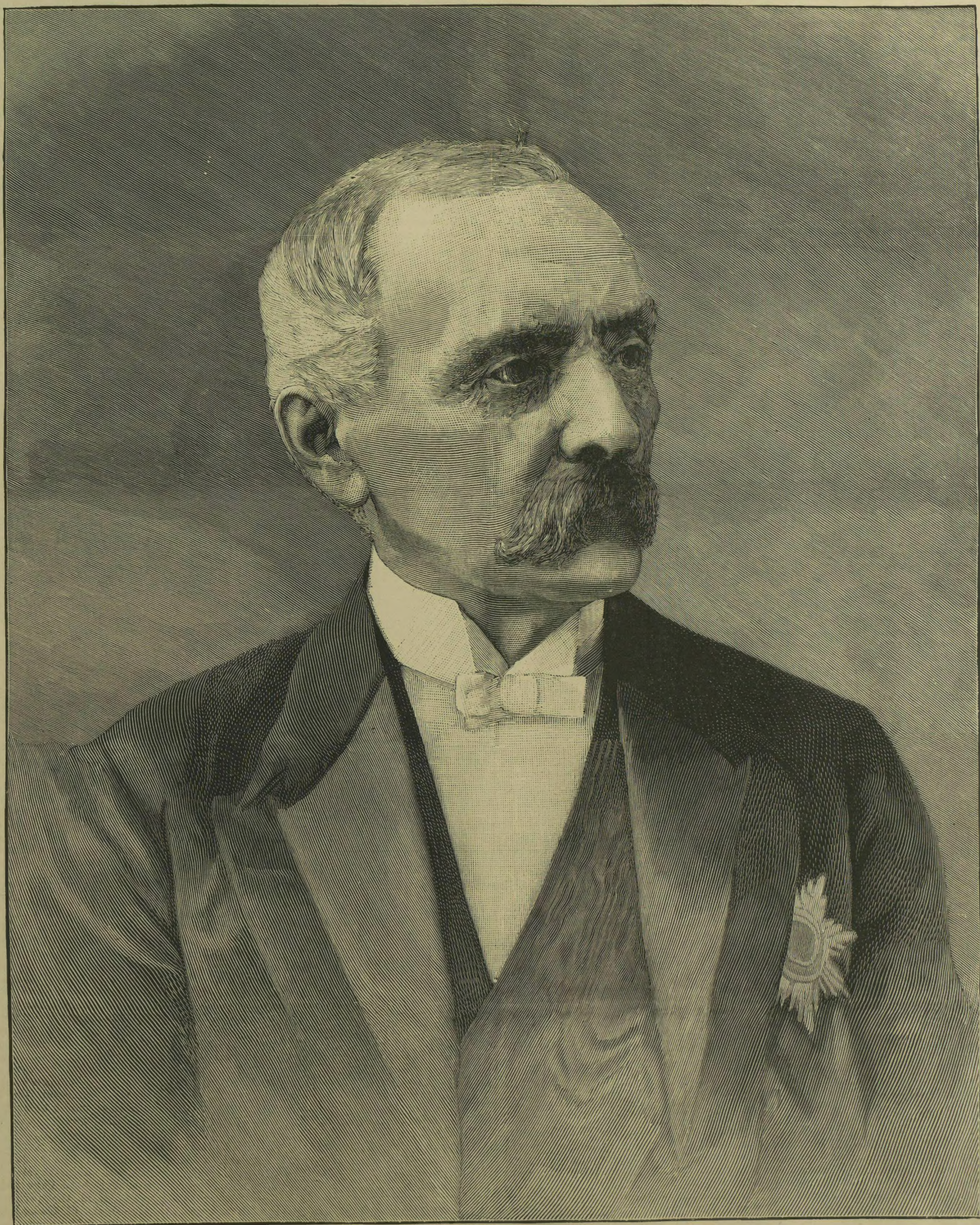


Photo by van Bosch, Strasburg.

PRINCE HOHENLOHE, THE NEW GERMAN IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR.

PERSONAL.

The Marquis of Lansdowne is the new Knight of the Garter. As everybody knows, Lord Lansdowne is one of the strongest opponents of the present Government, and in giving the Garter to him Lord Rosebery has shown that fine indifference to political distinctions which is still one of the most admirable features of our public life. Lord Lansdowne is beyond question well entitled to the honour, though the Prime Minister might have found somebody even among his "thirty Liberal Peers" not unworthy to receive it.

A charming story is told of the little Queen of Holland. Her English governess had to reprove her for negligence in her geography, and as an "imposition" she was set to draw a map of Europe. The map, executed in brilliant colours, made Holland the principal country, and England as insignificant as the Balearic Islands. Moreover, our native land was represented as shrouded in a perpetual fog. This stroke of humour greatly tickled the Dutch Court, and was hailed with acclamation when the story reached Paris. On the boulevards it appears to be regarded as another humiliation for Britain, but we have reason to believe that Lord Rosebery will not make a speech for the purpose of reminding us that Admiral Blake proved too strong for van Tromp.

General Mercier, the French Minister of War, has said a very neat thing about Lord Rosebery's recent allusion to Agincourt. The Minister recalled some incidents in the Crimea, and in particular Lord Raglan's fervent thanks to General Bosquet for having extricated the British troops from a dangerous situation. These troops, remarked General Mercier, were not less brave, but less fortunate than at Agincourt. That is very happily put, and most Englishmen will prefer to think of what our French allies did for us in the Crimea than of what Henry V. accomplished centuries ago on the plains of France. But why anybody should bestir himself about Agincourt, except to get a quotation from Shakspeare, is not clear. If the French were to remind us of Fontenoy and of Queen Mary's grief for the loss of Calais, we should not care a button.

Mr. Irving, always sensitive about the reputation of the theatre, has written a letter to point out that the London playhouses are absolutely distinct from the music-hall and the "places of public entertainment" devoted to the variety shows. This is certainly a point to be borne in mind when the social aspect of the music-hall is passing through a fierce discussion. A theatre which depends on the sustained interest of the drama is obviously different in essentials from any place of amusement to which people resort for a miscellaneous diversion that demands no concentrated attention. The theatre, properly so called, is absolutely free from any of the reproaches sometimes levelled at the music-halls. Mr. Irving is right to protest against any confusion between them; the pity is that such a protest should be necessary.

The vicarage of Newcastle-on-Tyne has at last been filled by the appointment of the Rev. E. J. Gough, Rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Dundee. Mr. Gough is widely known in England, and his return to this side of the Border has been heard of with general satisfaction. He is an old Shrewsbury boy, who went from that school to Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated in 1872. He was at once ordained by the Bishop of Worcester, and began his clerical life as a curate to the Bishop Ryder Memorial Church, Birmingham. Indeed, the whole of his clerical life has been passed in town work, an excellent preparation for the sphere to which he is now going. His next curacy was at Edgbaston; thence he moved to Huddersfield. In 1880 he was presented with the living of Christ Church, Wolverhampton, and five years later he moved to Dundee. Mr. Gough is remembered in many parts of England as a missionary. He has given courses of Lenten addresses in St. Paul's, and was honoured by the Archbishop of Canterbury with an invitation to conduct a mission in the parish of Addington. Mr. Gough is also an active parochial worker, interested in social and municipal enterprise.

Father Healy, of Bray, who has lately died, is described as the wittiest Irishman of his time. He was certainly the most popular priest in Ireland, and his popularity extended through all ranks of society and all shades of politics. Though believed to be a Unionist, Father Healy never obtruded his political opinions, and his supposed hostility to the Nationalist cause cost him no friends. He was a welcome guest at all tables, Unionist or Home Rule, and he enjoyed the friendship of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Morley. One of his most famous jests was a reply to Mr. Balfour's question when that statesman was Chief Secretary: "Do the Irish people really hate me as much as their leaders say?" "Faith!" said Father Healy, "if they only hated the devil half as much as they hate you there would be no necessity for us priests in the country."

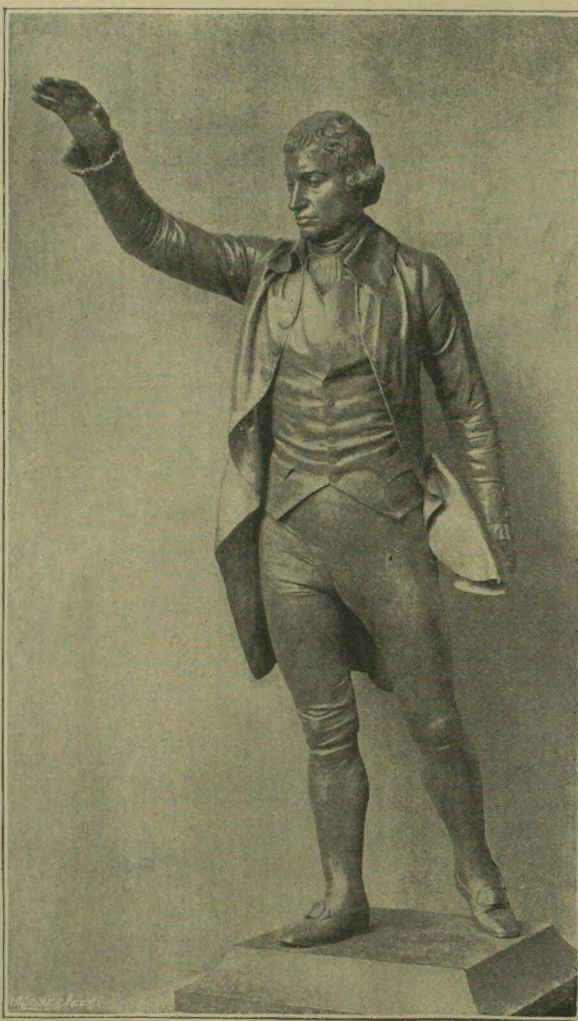
The differences among Churchmen with regard to the policy of the London School Board have been emphasised by the Bishop of Rochester, who has vindicated the religious teaching in the Board schools, and condemned the attempts to alter it. Dr. Davidson used some very emphatic language, but it did not need this to illustrate the remarkable division of opinion on the subject even in the episcopacy. The Bishop of London has withdrawn his opposition to Mr. Diggle, and so has Archdeacon Sinclair; but the Bishop of Rochester sticks to his guns. On the other hand Mr. Diggle declares that the religious controversy is closed, and that he declines to reopen it. Unfortunately, a religious controversy is never closed, and the gravest responsibility rests upon those who start it.

The silly sham which goes by the name of Theosophy is undergoing another exposure in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Every dispassionate person who has examined any evidence on the subject knows that the late Madame Blavatsky was one of the greatest impostors of the age. Years ago she was shown up by the Psychical Research Society, but that did not prevent her from obtaining a commanding influence over the mind of Mrs. Besant. Since Madame Blavatsky's death the so-called Mahatmas, who live in the Desert of Gobi, have continued to "precipitate" mysterious letters in London and New York. Originally these

missives were written by Madame Blavatsky. Who writes them now? Not long ago there was trouble in the Theosophical Society because somebody was accused of "tampering" with the Mahatma writings. The inquiry was suddenly hushed up? Why? Perhaps it is useless to put these questions to the present members of the T. S., because it is true of most of them that, as was said of one of them, "they are really unable to describe anything as they really see it, or else to see anything as it really is."

Herr Berg, a German pianist, has played the piano for thirty consecutive hours at the Royal Aquarium. As a feat of physical endurance this may be a considerable thing, but to any real musician it is simply an outrage. The spectacle of Herr Berg playing with one hand while using the other to grasp food and drink in the dead of the night might well have excited the irritation of any musical watcher. The hero of this prodigy appears to have figured in other spectacular undertakings. He was once a wax-work, or something of that kind, and so completely deceived the spectators that, when he suddenly brought his hands down on the piano they were amazed. Decidedly Herr Berg is a remarkable man, but why the ghosts of Beethoven, Chopin, and other insulted composers do not rise and throttle him is a mystery which the Psychical Research Society might usefully investigate.

Some people have already started an outcry against the new treatment for diphtheria on the ground that it involves inoculation. They have not studied any evidence, nor waited to see whether the treatment really does what is claimed for it. Unless some of the most eminent physicians in Europe are deceived the anti-toxin cure of diphtheria is



STATUE OF EDMUND BURKE, AT BRISTOL.
J. HAWARD THOMAS, SCULPTOR.

a reality. Professor Virchow, a cautious man if there ever was one, declares that no medical man ought to be without the serum, or inoculating fluid, which has already saved a considerable number of lives. Diphtheria is such a deadly malady among children that most people will welcome a reasonable indication that science is able to cope with it at last. Nothing is gained, at all events, by hysterical denunciation without inquiry. The credit for the new treatment belongs chiefly to Dr. Behring, of Berlin, and Dr. Roux, of Paris.

A host of diaries from Messrs. Charles Letts and Co., 3, Royal Exchange, reminds us that 1895 will soon be arriving to fill these fair white pages with new records. One feature which is noteworthy in most of these diaries is a free policy of £50 in the case of a railway accident occurring to the possessor of the book. Messrs. Charles Letts also publish tablet diaries, memorandum-blocks, blotting-pads; and in all their stock there seems to be excellent provision for the many stationery requirements of everybody.

STATUE OF EDMUND BURKE AT BRISTOL.

Mr. Howard Thomas's fine statue of Edmund Burke, which was unveiled at Bristol, on Tuesday, Oct. 30, by Lord Rosebery, is the gift of Sir W. H. Wills to that city. Apart from the high artistic qualities of the statue, it has an interest for lovers of sculpture as the largest and most ambitious example of "cire perdue" bronze casting in this country. Having been modelled at Capri, where Mr. Thomas is now living, it was most successfully cast at a foundry at Naples by this most delicate and difficult process. Mr. Thomas devoted several months to working on the bronze after casting, practically going over the whole surface, with the result that the statue is of a fine burnished bronze colour, and of a polished surface, which will not retain the dirt or become blackened by exposure to the smoke of a large city.

ART NOTES.

The week has been crowded with picture exhibitions, and some fifteen hundred or more works of art have been placed before a public which of late years has not been much in the mood for purchasing on the speculative chance of an artist's future notoriety. How far the hopes of those who paint pictures are realised by those who buy them is a problem too abstruse to be discussed here. At least, it may be said that there is scarcely a phase or style of painting—past, present, or future—which has not numerous votaries and adepts, and it must be assumed that these have behind them an ever-renewing body of supporters to justify devotion to their respective styles.

The Society of British Artists—the most venerable of our art institutions after the Royal Academy—has reduced the number of the works exhibited on the walls of the Suffolk Street Gallery to comparatively moderate proportions. Among these most interest attaches to the various studies for his larger pictures here by the President of the Royal Academy. By these Sir F. Leighton conveys a hint and a lesson to younger and less accomplished artists, showing them with what care and patience every figure or scene of a picture should be elaborated before being finally brought into use. The President is evidently a strong believer in the building up of the complete picture after all the materials have been brought into shape and harmony, and thus he indirectly discourages the slap-dash methods of younger men; and he is supported in this by his colleague, Mr. G. F. Watts, and by Sir E. Burne-Jones, who also contribute some interesting and valuable studies. A certain prominence given to large pictures of a religious character is another interesting feature of the exhibition; and Mr. Machell seems to find in Buddhism, or perhaps Theosophy, the inspiration which the old painters found in Catholicism. Mr. F. Cayley Robinson is certain to arouse curiosity as to the aims of his art as shown in such works as "Mother and Child" (196) and "Evening" (14); in the latter of which a straight-haired young lady bearing an English name is setting out in a boat for a port which is neither French nor English, according to the spelling given. Mr. Wyke Bayliss is more than usually bright, with his studies inside and outside the great Italian Duomi of Florence and Venice. Mr. Julius Olsson has a bold treatment of sea and rainbow (78), and Mr. Arthur Ryle, Mr. G. C. Haité, Mr. Rupert Bunney, and Mr. Bertram Priestman show to more than usual advantage in their respective styles.

The Haymarket galleries have nothing of very great importance this year. Mr. Maclean relies upon Mr. Ernest Croft, Mr. Peter Graham, and Mr. J. M. Swan for his *pièces de résistance*, and supplements his exhibition by specimens of the French school of Barbizon and the English school of Norwich, both of which will always find admirers among the students and lovers of nature. Messrs. Tooth, in addition to Sir F. Leighton's Academy picture "Summer Slumber," have a fine work by Mr. Alma-Tadema, painted in darker tones than usual with him, entitled "Past and Present Generations," and several landscapes by Mr. Leader, and an elaborately finished costume group by Mr. Marcus Stone, which he calls "The Love-Letter."

MUSIC.

The Popular Concerts made a satisfactory start upon their thirty-seventh season on Monday, Oct. 29. It was gratifying to find quite a large assemblage at St. James's Hall listening with unmixed delight to Beethoven's "Harp" quartet, played by Mdlle. Wietrowetz, Messrs. Ries, Gibson, and Whitehouse; to the same composer's noble pianoforte sonata in C minor, Op. 111, superbly rendered by Mr. Leonard Borwick; and to Schumann's pianoforte trio in D minor, with Mdlle. Wietrowetz, Mr. Borwick, and Mr. Whitehouse for executants. Call it a conventional programme if you will, but it was strong enough to attract a crowd of London amateurs without the aid of "stars," and with three-fifths of the interpreters English born. Who can say there is not evidence of something beyond "rigid conservatism" in this? Why, counting Mrs. Helen Trust (one of our most charming concert singers) and Mr. Henry Bird, her accompanist, the proportion of native executive talent at the opening "Pop" was altogether overwhelming.

Mr. Ernest Fowles' subscribers' list for the British Chamber Music Concerts indicates that he will find his largest support among professional musicians and the more advanced amateurs who take a real interest in the progress of our musical Renaissance. With the names of Stanford and Parry looming large in his initial scheme, he was practically sure of a good start. The Cambridge Professor was represented by his quartet in A minor, Op. 45, one of his best works of this class; and the composer of "King Saul" contributed his cleverly written duo in E minor for two pianofortes, in addition to a couple of solo pieces for the same instrument, played by Miss Agnes Zimmermann, who had the assistance of Mr. Fowles in the duo. A pianoforte quintet by Mr. Algernon Ashton was also performed, the string players in this and Dr. Stanford's quartet being Messrs. Jasper and Wallace Sutcliffe, Alfred Hobday, and W. H. Squire. Miss Hilda Wilson was the vocalist.

Although he had not entirely recovered from the effects of the accident to his knee, Mr. Manns struggled bravely through the task of conducting the third Crystal Palace concert, and was warmly welcomed by a large audience. The two features of the day were the performance, for the first time at Sydenham, of Tchaikowsky's glorious "Pathetic" symphony in B minor, and the reappearance of M. Ysaye, a violinist who has achieved a deservedly great reputation in this country during the last few years. It will be taken for granted that the "Swan Song" of the lamented Russian master was worthily interpreted, while M. Ysaye, having accomplished a veritable triumph in Max Bruch's second violin concerto, fairly enchanted his auditors with a most brilliant rendering of Wieniawski's "Faust" fantasia. Mr. Hamish MacCunn's picturesque and effective overture, "Land of the Mountain and the Flood," was very finely played at the outset of the afternoon, and the vocalist, Mdlle. Otta Brony, made a favourable début at the Crystal Palace.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, with Princess Beatrice, is still at Balmoral, and on Monday, Oct. 29, visited the Duke and Duchess of Fife at Mar Lodge.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, who came to London from Sandringham on Monday, Oct. 29, have suddenly been obliged, by an urgent message from the sister of her Royal Highness, the Empress of Russia, to undertake a very long, hurried, and fatiguing journey to the farthest extremity of Eastern Europe—to the shore of the Black Sea—upon the most distressing occasion of an impending family bereavement. The death of the Emperor Alexander III. of Russia being almost hourly expected at Livadia, his Majesty's palace in the Crimea, on Tuesday, though it seemed possible that he might live a day or two longer, the Empress sent a telegram to her sister in London, entreating her to come without delay; and the Prince of Wales immediately decided to accompany his wife upon this sad but most urgent errand of dutiful affection, by which the Czarina, herself ill and grievously suffering from the terrible sorrow that has come upon her, will obtain the best consolation that can be afforded from the presence of those who love her most dearly. Their Royal Highnesses started from London at nine o'clock on Tuesday morning, Oct. 30, attended by Miss Knollys, General Ellis, and Captain Holford.

The Duke and Duchess of York left Sandringham on Oct. 29 for London. The Duchess of York has gone to

The Home Secretary, Mr. Asquith, on Oct. 24 addressed another meeting of his East Fife constituents, at Newburgh, recapitulating the measures and objects proposed by the Liberal party. The Secretary for War, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, likewise addressed his constituents at Stirling.

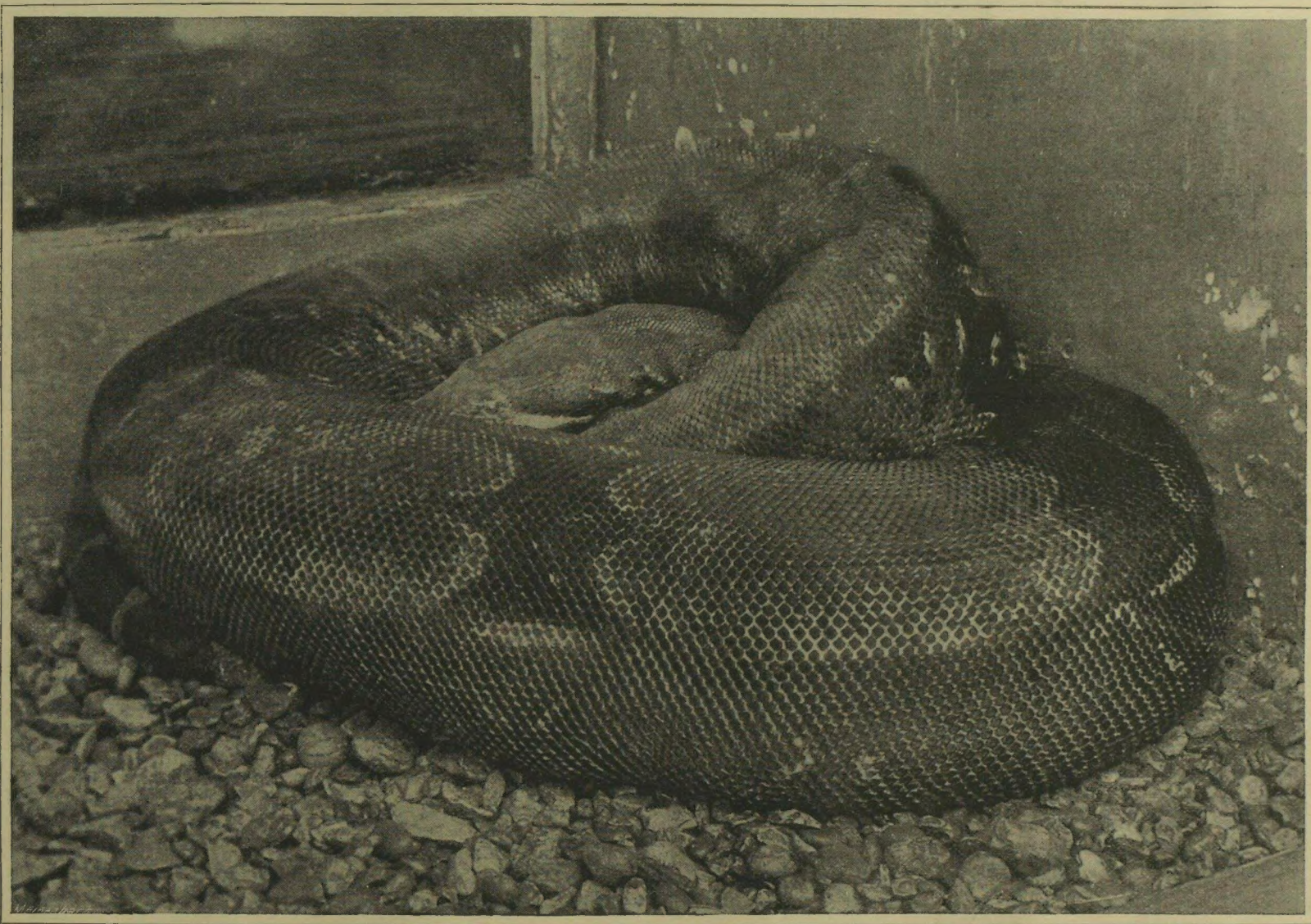
The London County Council on Friday, Oct. 26, was engaged in discussing the report of the Licensing Committee in respect to music and dancing licenses. The case of the Empire Theatre was the principal one, and, after some amendments to the recommendations of the Committee had been negatived, the proposals of the Committee in regard to the abolition of the promenade and the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating drinks in the auditorium were carried by majorities of two to one. The managers of the Empire immediately closed that place of entertainment during the whole of the following week.

The approaching London School Board election has excited much activity; and Mr. E. Lyulph Stanley has issued an address to the Marleybone Division, in which he says that the majority of the present Board have disturbed the settlement arrived at by the first Board on the subject of Bible teaching, which was working to the satisfaction of parents and of the public; and have started on a course which will develop a system of tests, hostile to religious liberty and fatal to religious sincerity. Prebendary Eyton has issued an address to the Chelsea Division in reference to the question of religious

considerably increased, and there was much shivering, with extreme debility. The symptoms are those of blood-poisoning which would result from the ulceration of the kidneys. A few days, or even a few hours, might bring the disease to its only possible end. All the Czar's family, including the Queen of Greece and her children, were with him on Tuesday, Oct. 30; and next day the Prince and Princess of Wales were hastening from London to the deathbed of their brother-in-law. The greatest sympathy is felt in all Courts and cities of Europe for the afflicted imperial family, with sincere esteem for the dying Czar and compassion for the Empress, who has endured so much anxiety and grief upon his account.

The very sudden changes made on Friday, Oct. 26, by the unexpected decision of the Emperor William II., both in the Chancellorship of the German Empire and in the Ministry of the kingdom of Prussia, are separately noticed. Count von Caprivi, the Imperial Chancellor, and Count von Eulenburg, the Prussian Premier, not being able to agree upon the measures to be laid before the Prussian Legislature and to be recommended simultaneously to the Federal Diet for adoption in other German States, it was thought necessary that both Ministers should retire.

The war in Eastern Asia has made some further progress by the Japanese army, on Oct. 24, forcing its passage across the Yalu River, defeating a small Chinese force. Another Japanese force has landed near Port Arthur, which will probably soon be attacked.



THE BOA CONSTRICTOR AFTER SWALLOWING HIS COMPANION AT THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS.

Photo by Russell and Sons, 17, Baker Street.

visit her parents, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, at White Lodge, Richmond Park.

The Duke of Connaught has been unwell, and confined during some days to his residence at Bagshot. The Duchess of Connaught is in Germany.

The Queen has conferred upon the Marquis of Lansdowne, late Viceroy of India, the vacant place among the Knights of the Garter.

The Prime Minister, Lord Rosebery, on Saturday, Oct. 27, delivered an important political speech at Bradford, declaring that the Liberal party must appeal to the country upon the question of removing the impediment to its measures presented by the House of Lords, and that the House of Commons should be called upon to pass a formal resolution to that effect. The next general election would be fought upon this issue.

Lord Salisbury, on Tuesday, Oct. 30, at Edinburgh, addressing the Scottish Conservative Association, commented with much vigour upon the speech of Lord Rosebery, scouting the idea that it could be seriously proposed to suppress a branch of the Legislature, or that any such resolution of the House of Commons would have the slightest force. The House of Lords would pass a resolution of its own, in answer to that, and the country would support the House of Lords and the existing Constitution of the realm.

The Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. John Morley, on Monday, Oct. 29, at Dublin Castle, received a deputation from the Dublin City Corporation, asking for a pardon to be granted to the Irish dynamite conspirators now in prison, but refused to promise any such action upon his own part.

instruction: he says he is entirely opposed to the late disastrous policy, which has thrown undeserved discredit on the teachers, and has been the signal of religious rancour.

The Board of Trade has issued a circular letter to County Councils, Railway Companies, and Chambers of Agriculture, inviting consideration of the expediency of constructing light railways or tramroads in thinly peopled agricultural districts.

The newly elected Lord Mayor of London, Alderman Sir Joseph Renals, was presented on Monday, Oct. 29, to the Lord Chancellor at the House of Lords, being introduced by Sir Charles Hall, the Recorder, and his election was approved on behalf of the Queen.

The Lord Mayor about to retire, Alderman Tyler, on Oct. 24 visited the Royal Free Hospital in Gray's Inn Road, to inspect the new front building lately erected at a cost of £28,000, and to attend a meeting in aid of the funds of this institution.

The twenty-fifth annual exhibition of specimens of hand-turning in wood and stone, under the auspices of the Turners' Company, was opened at the Mansion House from Wednesday, Oct. 24, to the end of the week.

All other foreign news of this week is of small importance or interest compared with that of the rapidly approaching death of the Czar Alexander III. His Majesty's condition had on Monday, Oct. 29, seemed to be improving, though no hope of his recovery was then suggested; but on Tuesday morning there was a strong change for the worse. Increased coughing and blood-spitting had set in during the night, and the physicians discovered inflammation of the left lung; the dropsy had also

THE CANNIBAL SERPENT.

Among the remarkable incidents noticed last week there was that of the South American boa constrictor, at the Zoological Society's Gardens, swallowing his companion in the Reptile House, and exhibiting no symptom afterwards either of the pangs of remorse or those of indigestion. The two serpents had lived amicably together nearly a twelve-month. They were of the same species, but one was nine feet long and the other eleven. It is not supposed that the larger one intended to eat the other, and they are still less likely to have quarrelled: snakes are, indeed, between themselves, peaceable and gentle animals. Both were usually fed with pigeons. One afternoon their keeper had placed two birds—one for each serpent—in the glazed apartment, 15 ft. by 6 ft., which was the boa constrictors' dwelling. The bigger serpent, having quickly swallowed his own appointed meal, observed the second pigeon visibly sticking in the jaws of his messmate. He perhaps only thought of taking a playful bite out of it, even as a greedily or wanton little boy might be seen biting at an apple in another child's mouth. The keeper had left them, and it is conjectured that, both the serpents having got their teeth fastened in the pigeon's bones, neither could withdraw. An explanation has been found in the peculiar structure and action of the joints of the serpent's jawbones. We are told that this gorging boa constrictor, though his body is swollen to threefold bulk, having a brother reptile inside, down to within twenty-four inches of his tail, will not die of a surfeit; but he will have to eat nothing more for the next four or five months. Let the simple creature be acquitted, however, of the dire crime of serpentine cannibalism, if his original purpose was only to devour a second pigeon.



THE CHINESE FLEET LYING UNDER SHELTER OF FORTS AT WEI-HAI-WEI, SEPTEMBER 12.

From a Sketch by Mr. A. W. Wylde, H.M.S. "Leander."

THE CHINESE FLEET AT WEI-HAI-WEI.

The Chinese naval port of Wei-Hai-Wei, situated to the east of the commercial treaty port of Chefoo, on the south side of the entrance, a hundred miles wide, from the Gulf of Corea to the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, is the present refuge of the Northern squadron. This portion of the Chinese fleet is expected to come out from Wei-Hai-Wei, after repairing

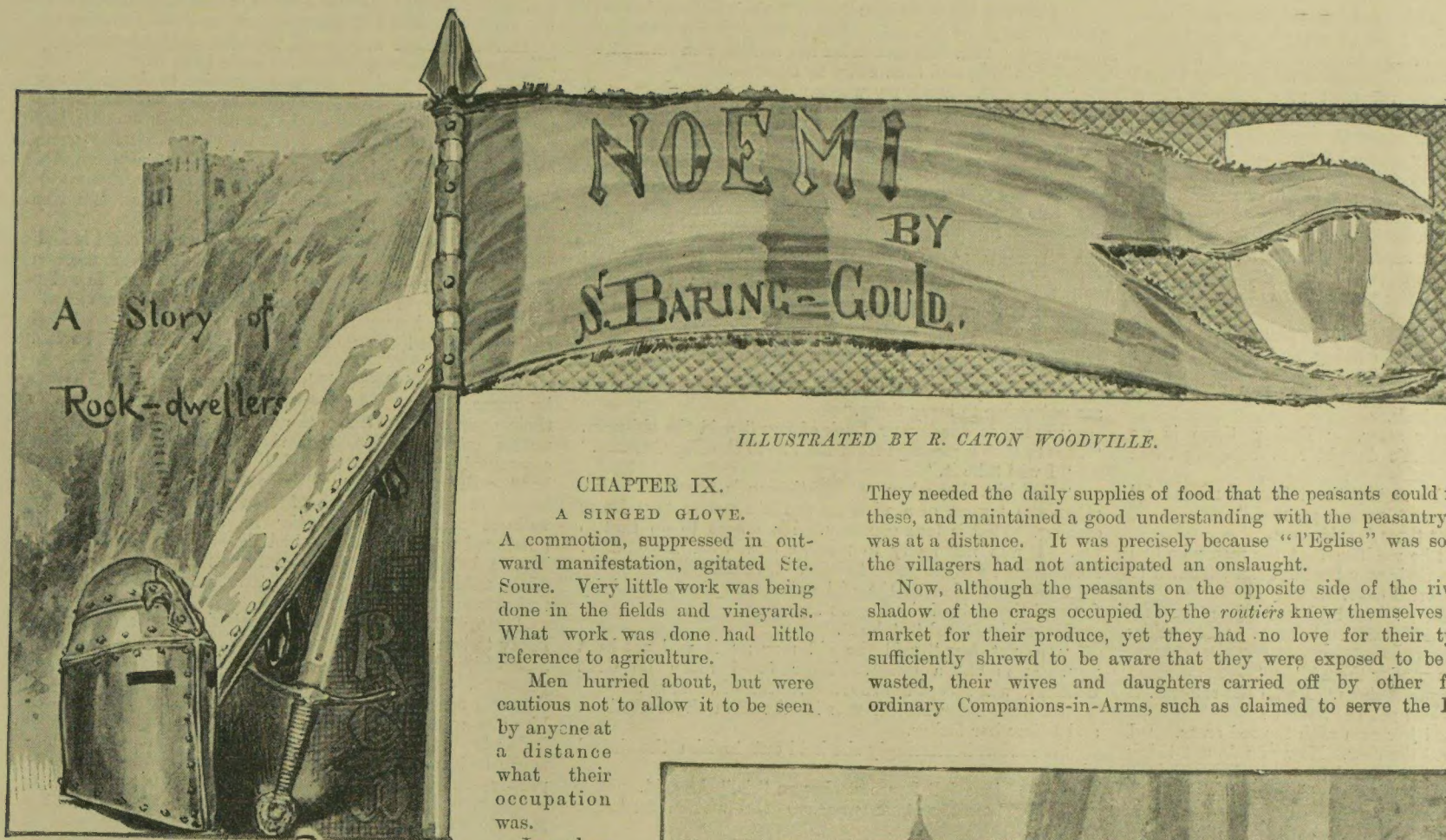
and refitting since its defeat by the Japanese at the mouth of the Yalu River, on the coast of Corea, and to aid in the defence of Port Arthur, which lies to the north of Wei-Hai-Wei on the opposite coast, and which will probably be attacked by the Japanese forces on sea. The Chinese commander is Admiral Ting, and the list of ships appears decidedly superior to those of the Japanese fleet. It comprises two ironclads, the Admiral's flag-ship

Ting-Yuen, and the *Chin-Yuen*, which bears the flag of Commodore Liu; two armour-protected cruisers, the *Chih-Yuen* and the *Ching-Yuen*, built by the Armstrong Company, having a speed of $16\frac{1}{2}$ knots; two armoured cruisers built at Stettin, on the Baltic, carrying powerful guns; three or four other cruisers, with an armoured ram, the *Ping-Yuen*, for coast defence; two corvettes, four gun-boats, and seven torpedo-boats.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR PRESENTING STANDARDS TO THE NEW BATTALIONS OF THE GERMAN ARMY AT BERLIN.

From a Photograph by Ziesler, Berlin.



ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

CHAPTER IX.

A SINGED GLOVE.

A commotion, suppressed in outward manifestation, agitated Ste. Soure. Very little work was being done in the fields and vineyards. What work was done had little reference to agriculture.

Men hurried about, but were cautious not to allow it to be seen by anyone at a distance what their occupation was.

In a place like Ste.

Soure, in a valley between precipices, nothing was easier than for a spy to observe all that was going on in a village. If on this occasion one commissioned by the Captain of the Free Company that occupied l'Eglise Guillem had stationed himself at a suitable point, he would have seen that Ste. Soure was alive, but would not have been able to distinguish what engaged the inhabitants.

He would, indeed, have noticed the peasants bringing together their faggots of vine-prunings, have heard the bleating of sheep that were being killed, and later, had the wind blown his way, have noticed that the air was impregnated with the odour of melted tallow.

That the people of Ste. Soure should be in a condition of more liveliness than usual would not have surprised him, after the event of the rush made on the place by the Free Companions, and the capture of some of the householders.

But no spy was sent to observe the doings of the villagers. The usual watch was kept from the eyrie of the Church of Guillem, but from it the village of Ste. Soure and the Castle of Le Peuch were not visible.

The sudden raid had so quelled the inhabitants that no danger was anticipated from that quarter. What was Ogier del' Peyra but a little Seigneur? So little that it was not worth while for any of the big men in the neighbourhood to sustain his cause. In those rough times the small men were pinched out. Only the great ones held their own. There was no security for any man who stood in independence, unless he were very great indeed. In an earlier age the soil had belonged to many hundreds and thousands of free landholders, who owed no man anything except a slight tax in money or kind to the Duke of Aquitaine or to the Count of Périgord. But that condition of affairs was past. The little free-men had been broken in pieces by the violence of the marauders, of the barons, by their own mutual quarrels, and nearly all had surrendered their independence into the hands of great Seigneurs in their neighbourhood; they had given up their freedom in return for assurance of protection.

Ogier del' Peyra, however, represented one of the few families which had not thus passed into vassalage. For that very reason he was viewed askance by the barons of the neighbourhood, to whichever faction they belonged; and as none of them were bound to sustain his cause, not one of them, as Ogier well knew, would draw sword in his behalf against so redoubtable an adversary as Le Gros Guillem, and would be still less inclined to advance him money.

Not only did Ogier know this, but the Free Captain knew it also; and, knowing it, thought it not worth the pains to observe the movements of the man he had plundered, and whom he despised.

One thing did Guillem regret—that he had not taken Le Peuch, the refuge and stronghold of the Del' Peyras; but just as Ogier knew his weakness and insulation, so had he accumulated precautions against attack. His fortress, or castle, was situated in a similar position to that of Guillem, at the head of a steep rubble slope, but it was stronger immeasurably than that of the "Church," for the cliff above it was vastly more lofty, and it was literally honeycombed with chambers. It was precisely due to the fact that the habitation of the family was in the rock, and of the rock, as already intimated, that they had received their name of Del' Peyra. Had not the villagers been completely taken by surprise when the Companions fell on Ste. Soure, they would have carried off their valuables, and taken refuge themselves in inaccessible places, and left only their empty houses to be ransacked by the freebooters.

Long exemption from molestation had made them careless.

It was customary with the robber bands not to devastate the hamlets and villages and farms in their immediate neighbourhood.

They needed the daily supplies of food that the peasants could furnish, and they bought these, and maintained a good understanding with the peasantry. When they foraged it was at a distance. It was precisely because "l'Eglise" was so near to Ste. Soure that the villagers had not anticipated an onslaught.

Now, although the peasants on the opposite side of the river who were under the shadow of the crags occupied by the *routiers* knew themselves to be safe, and found a market for their produce, yet they had no love for their tyrannisers. They were sufficiently shrewd to be aware that they were exposed to be plundered, their houses wasted, their wives and daughters carried off by other freebooters, or even by ordinary Companions-in-Arms, such as claimed to serve the French. The Counts of



"Now, render me the grace to hand him this." Ogier extended to the girl a leather glove singed by fire.

Périgord—who should have been their protectors—were leaders in violence, at the head of several lawless bands, and usually marched under the leopards, so that the ban of the French king had been launched against one Count after another, and he only returned to allegiance for a moment, to break faith at the first occasion. The Castle of Montignac, the headquarters of these county scoundrels, lay high up the same valley of the Vézère; and the ruffians of the Count passed up and down it, traversing the fields and villages continually. It was to them a matter of supreme indifference which crown was supposed to exercise authority and afford protection where they went, for neither possessed any real authority, neither afforded the smallest protection.

Ogier del' Peyra sat in the porch of the church issuing orders, and his son was by him.

All at once a child on the roof of the church cried out—"I see—I see—seven men coming, and a lady riding; and I think one is our Petiton."

"What! our men!" exclaimed Ogier; and Jean ran to the roof of the church to look.

He was down directly after. "Father, there is no doubt of it. Gros Guillem's daughter is bringing them here."

"As a gift? Does he restore them free of ransom?" exclaimed Ogier. "If so we cannot proceed."

"I will run and meet them," said Jean.

The tidings spread like wildfire that the men who had been carried off were on their way home. Jean hastened to the river side and was ferried over.

"I have brought them!" said Noémi when she saw him. Her eye was flashing with pleasure. "See—they are all here."

"Did your father surrender them?"

She laughed. "I bought them. I paid the ransom."

"You! Where did you get the money?"

"See." She exposed her arm with the red cross. "I won my spurs. I robbed the Jew. Now you do not think so ill of me, say that." She leaned from her horse to look into his eyes.

He averted his face.

"I thank you for the men. I hate the deed."

"The man was but a Jew!" pleaded Noémi.

"And a robbery is but a robbery," answered Jean.

The girl bit her lips and frowned.

"This is what I get by that I have done, and I have ridden all night to gratify you. I asked my father. I entreated that the men might be let go free. He would not hearken. Then I did this. I could not get the men discharged in any other way. Let them go back," said the girl sullenly; "back into bonds and be served as was threatened. You are content so long as the Jew has his moneys."

"Not so. The men are free—they cannot go back. I had rather they had been freed by any other means."

"And by any other person—say it all!"

"I will not say that. There, Noémi," said the young man, laying his hand on the horse's neck, "I know you meant kindly and right by us. It is not your fault; it is the fault of your blood; it is the fault of the times that you have gone about it in a wrong way."

"There was no other way."

"I do not say that. I was going to Bergerac to raise the money there."

"And pawn your inheritance to a Christian usurer who is worse than a Jew. You have your men, you have your land—be content. If wrong is done I did it." Noémi abandoned her horse and entered the ferry-boat with the men and Jean.

The joy, the tears, the passionate affection with which the recovered men were welcomed, clung to by their wives and children and friends, moved the girl, and her cheek grew pale and her eyes filled. Jean observed the emotion and said nothing to her, but to himself he breathed: "She is not heartless! The good is not all dead in her."

Some of the women, supposing rightly that the men owed their release to Noémi, but not knowing who she was, came to her, took her hand, kissed it, knelt and put to their lips the hem of her skirt. She was abashed, and shrank back.

"You shall see," said Jean. "I will show you from what you have saved these poor fellows!"

He led her into the cottage of the Rossignols, and she remained silent, apparently cold, looking at the crippled man.

"Can you sit up?" she asked, after a long pause.

"Sit up—yes," he said, and moved his elbow and heaved himself up; "but it opens the wounds again."

"And—can you put your feet down?"

"Feet; I'll never do that more."

"Nor stand?"

"God help me! Never stand before man, never kneel before God. I'm a young man; I'm five-and-twenty, and have got three children. I'll never do ought but lie as a log all the years I have to live!"

"There is a trifle for you," said Noémi, putting money into his hand. "I would I had more. Hush! I cannot bear that!"

The poor woman, still half distraught, now worked to further excitement by the return of the seven men safe and sound, while her own husband lay in irrecoverable wretchedness, broke into a storm of curses against Le Gros Guillem, and of blasphemy against God. It was more horrible to hear her than to see the man, who bore his lot not so much with patience as with stolidity.

Then came Ogier del' Peyra.

"So," said he, "you have released my men! Did Le Gros Guillem let them pass out of his hands for nothing?"

"I paid him the hundred livres," said Noémi, speaking with difficulty. Something was in her throat choking her.

"Then," said Ogier, "we owe him no debt?"

"None at all."

"And you are returning there—I mean to him—to the church?"

"I go to see him again."

"What debt of gratitude we owe is to you—not to him?"

Noémi nodded.

"Then, let me say this: Do not stay at the Church."

"I am not going to stay there. I shall but say farewell to—" the girl hesitated, looked at the crippled Rossignol, at his crazy wife, and concluded her sentence in an undertone—"to him, and then away to Domme."

"It is well. Mark my words. Do not stay there—not a night—not a night."

"Why so?"

"Why so? Do you ask that? Is not the wrath of God hanging as a thundercloud over that rock? Is it not full charged with lightnings? When it bursts will it spare the innocent? Will it not involve all in one sudden destruction? Mark my words: do not tarry there—no, not an hour. Your men who came with you are here. They are at Le Peuch, and ready to attend you on your return. Do not tarry. Take counsel. L'Eglise de Guillem is no place for innocent maidens. It is no church where are holy thoughts and devout prayers—it is the Church of the Foul Fiend, and the mouth of the bottomless pit yawns there."

"I thank you," said Noémi. "I know what it is. I am not going to tarry there."

"There is one favour I ask of you," said the old man. "It is to take a message from me to—the Big Guillem."

"I will take it."

"Tell him that when one gentleman is about to do the other the favour of a visit he sends a notice that he is coming. That is true courtesy. He forgot to do that to me. I was not ready to receive him with hospitality. Now, render me the grace to hand him this."

Ogier extended to the girl a leather glove singed by fire and the ends of the fingers burnt off.

Noémi hesitated to take it.

"Do not fear," said the old man; "it will not hurt you. It is but a token. Your fa—I mean Le Gros Guillem, will accept the courtesy. Take it, and go."

An hour later Noémi was in the Church of Guillem and before her father.

Somewhat hesitatingly she held out to him the singed glove.

"The Sieur del' Peyra sends you this," she said.

Le Gros Guillem took the glove, threw it on the table, and burst out laughing.

"The mouse defies the lion! Good! This is good! I thank you, Noémi, for bringing me this; it is a right merry jest. I drink to his visit! May he come speedily."

CHAPTER X.

BY FIRE.

A strange stillness came over the Vézère valley that evening at sundown. Hardly a man was about, not a sound was heard save the barking of a dog in a farm on one side of the river, and the answer of another dog in one on the further side. There was, however, a mysterious hiss in the air about every dwelling and cluster of habitations. Now and then a woman was seen, but it was to call in her children who had run out, and, forgetful of all that had passed, had begun to play.

The sun went down in the west, painting the rocks on the left bank of the Vézère a daffodil yellow, and then slowly a cold, deathlike grey stole over the landscape. With the sun the life had gone; and yet, strange to say, no sooner had this dead glaze come over the face of Nature than the human beings woke to activity and began to issue from their houses, cautiously at first, then with greater boldness as the shadows thickened. The men bore their reaping-hooks, their pruning-knives strapped to the end of poles, converting them into formidable weapons. Others had their bills thrust through their leather belts; and every bill and knife was fresh sharpened, explaining the significance of the strange hiss which had been in the air. It had been caused by the grindstones and the files in every house.

Presently the men who had been standing in knots were marshalled into two distinct parties or bands. One, armed with their extemporised halberds and lances, remained in Ste. Soure under Ogier, whereas the other division, laden with sacks, with casks, with loads of faggots, passed over the river, were joined by a contingent from the left bank of the Vézère, and proceeded to ascend the hills. Behind this party, borne by four men, was Rossignol, lying on his bed. His wife desired to follow, and was with difficulty restrained and sent back to take care of her children. Silently, patiently, the men ascended the steep flanks of the hillside, each bearing his burden; even the wounded Rossignol endured the inevitable jerking without a murmur.

A word must here be given to explain the salient character of the country. Originally a vast region in Périgord—the Black Périgord, as it was called from its sombre woods and deep cleft ravines, was one plateau of hard chalk, raised from 650 to 900 ft. above the sea. At some geologic period difficult to define an immense rush of water passed over the plain and tore every rent formed by the upheaval of the chalk into gorge and gully, down which the furious waters poured, scooping out the sides and tearing themselves a way. The course taken by the flood is easily recognisable by this fact—that it has left its wash on the tops of the plateau, where to the present day lies a film of caoline, that is to say of feldspathic clay, the produce of the granite ranges to the north and north-east; and this caoline lies in some places in considerable pockets, white as chalk, and only distinguishable from chalk by the experienced eye, and lies in sufficiently important beds to be worked and exported to porcelain factories. Nay, more than this: on the top of these great plateaux of chalk are strewn boulders and pebbles of volcanic production, that were derived unmistakably from the far away Auvergne mountains.

The flood that swirled over the chalk plains not only tore them into islets, and ate out paths through every chink, but also left the surfaces undulating, having washed away what beds were soft and left those which were hard.

These plateaux are more or less untenanted by human beings, because more or less soilless. They are given over to forest or to baldness.

The ravines, the river-valleys, are walled in by precipices with gulfs here and there in their sides where the rock has crumbled away, or caverns have collapsed,

and which allow, as lateral combs, access to the riverside. Up such a comb did the peasants now toil, zigzagging, corkscrewing their way, far to the rear of the headland of l'Eglise Guillem, and wholly invisible from it.

The Captain had so far paid attention to the challenge conveyed by the scorched glove as to give the sentinel on the gate-tower warning to be on the alert, but he had neglected to post anyone on the top of the cliff that overhung his eagle nest. He anticipated no danger from that quarter, for his castle was inaccessible thence, unless, what was inconceivable, assailants should descend on him like spiders from above, at the end of ropes.

"Bah!" scoffed the Chieftain; "a boor! What is Del' Peyra but a country clown? I will teach him such a lesson in a day or two as will make him skip. There is not a Seigneur in the land will lend him half-a-dozen horsemen."

There was, however, an incident in the past that had entirely escaped the memory of Guillem, even if he had heard of it.

At the end of the twelfth century, a carpenter, Durand by name, had roused the peasants to free themselves of their oppressors. What the king could not, what the nobles would not do, that they had done. They had assembled in great multitudes, assumed a white linen hood, called themselves "The Brotherhood of Peace," and hoped to initiate an era of tranquillity by massacring without mercy every *routier* in the land. They had butchered many thousands, had defeated them in pitched battles, but had themselves been quelled by a combination of the nobles when they attempted to interfere with their turbulence.

That was a matter of two centuries ago, and was not likely to be repeated. Two hundred years of the scourge had whipped every vestige of independence out of the peasants. The Free Companion of the fourteenth and fifteenth century no more feared a combination against him among the peasants than the latter anticipated a revolt in his henroost whence he gathered his eggs. But something had occurred in the north of the land—in France proper—the rumour of which had travelled throughout the country, and which, dimly, feebly, had brought out the idea of national feeling in the south—that was the great successes of the French under the Maid of Orleans. Heaven had interfered; the Saints had interested themselves for the afflicted people, for the humbled Crown. The Spirit of God, as in the days of old, had raised up a deliverer—and that deliverer a woman.

The advent of the Maid of Domrémy was of the past, but not forgotten. There was something in the story of Joan to rouse the imagination of a lively and excitable people, and to make them believe that the time was come when Heaven would interfere to assist their feeble arms.

The outrage committed at Ste. Soure on Rossignol, the threat hanging over seven others, had served to rouse the peasantry of the neighbourhood, and as one man they placed themselves under the direction of Ogier, a Seigneur indeed, but in so small a way, as to be but a step removed from the peasant; a man whom they could almost consider as one of themselves, and yet sufficiently raised above them to be able to command their obedience, and not incur their jealousy.

As the train of laden men toiled up the ascent, they were joined by charcoal-burners from the coppice with their forks, who fell in, relieved some of the most heavily burdened and said no word. One resolution, one hate, animated the whole mass, combined to make one effort to shake off the detested incubus. It was marvellous how rapidly and how quietly the conjuration had been formed.

When the body of men had reached the top of the hill and were on the plain, they found men there awaiting them from villages beyond, animated by the same spirit, ready to move in the same direction, and to carry out the warfare in the same way, for they also were laden like those from Ste. Soure.

The whole troop now advanced through the brushwood to the bare space above the precipice where trees were scanty.

The night had become very obscure. It was hard to distinguish where the foot could be placed in safety. The very dearth of trees, moreover, warned the men to advance with extreme caution.

Jean del' Peyra had drawn a white sleeve over his right arm, and this was visible in the murkiness of ever-deepening darkness. With this white arm he gave the signals. Orders were communicated in whispers. Behind, under the coppice, at no great distance, was a charcoal-burner's heap. The men who attended to the steaming pile stood by it with their spades and prongs.

Jean raised his white arm. At once those behind him in a chain did the same. At the signal a charcoal-burner drove his fork into the fuming mass, made an opening, and a flame shot up. Next moment a sod was cast on the gap and the flame extinguished.

One, two, three, four—to twenty-five, counted Jean. Again he lifted his white arm. Again the signal was telegraphed back to the charcoal-burners, and again was an opening made and a tongue of fire shot up, to be again instantly extinguished.

One, two, three, four—to twenty-five. A third time Jean raised his arm, and a third time the gleam of flame mounted and was blotted out.

A pause of expectation.

Then from the valley—from the further side of the Vézère—a flash.

One, two, three, four—to twenty-five.

A second flare.

One, two, three, four—to twenty-five.

A third gleam.

"My father is ready," whispered Jean. "Now we must find the exact spot."

It is one thing to know where is a cave or, indeed, any object marking the face of a cliff when seen from below and quite another to discover that same cave, to find out when and where you are immediately above it as you walk on the summit of the precipice. Every feature that marks a site as seen from below fails when you stand above.

If this be the case in broad daylight what must it be by night?

There was but one way in which Jean del' Peyra could

discover the exact position of the Church of Guillem, and that was by being held by the feet and extending himself, lying prostrate, over the edge of the cliff. Leaning over the abyss he looked below and to the right and left in the darkness, then signed to be withdrawn.

"Too much to the left!" he said.

He walked cautiously along the edge till he came to what he believed to be the right spot. Again he was extended over the brink, and was again out in his reckoning.

A third attempt was more successful. With a rapid wave of his hand he signed, and was drawn back.

"I have looked down their chimney," he said, "and heard their laughter come up with the reek, and seen the glow of their hearth. Here! build it here!"

At once a hundred hands were engaged in piling up faggots, heaping casks on them and emptying the sacks over the wood. These sacks had been filled with mutton fat. Stones also were planted on the extreme edge. The process was slow. Caution had to be used lest any of the combustible matter should fall over before set alight, and, dropping on the projecting roof or galleries, give the alarm.

The wall of stones erected outside the faggots served a

Then slowly, with upraised hand, he made the requisite signal. He was hastily drawn back.

"All is still," he said. "The fire is nearly out."

"Then the other fire shall be kindled!" said one of the men.

"Nicole!" said Jean. "A brand."

The man addressed went to the charcoal burner's heap. A thrill ran through the throng. All rose to their feet; even the mutilated man on the mattress lifted himself to a sitting posture.

Silently the men moved between the faggots and the wall of loose stones they had raised, each armed with a stout pole.

Jean put a cow-horn to his mouth and blew a blast that rang into the night as the blast of Judgment. Instantly the rocks and stones were levered over the edge, and instantly the brand, spluttering and blazing, was put into the hand of Rossignol.

It was fitting that he should light the pyre—he who had most suffered. That was why he had been borne to the head of the cliff.

Rossignol drove the flaming torch into the mass of vine-faggots, and instantly up leaped the flame. It ran

OLD CALABAR.

The war between China and the Japs seems to have quite eclipsed—in the newspapers, at any rate—our own little troubles in West Africa, which, though small, are neither uninteresting nor unimportant. A letter from a correspondent in Old Calabar, the capital of what is now the Niger Coast Protectorate, and was till recently the Oil Rivers Protectorate, gives one some idea of the present position of this little colony, and its possible future. There is a disturbance in Benin quite as serious as that which took place in the Gold Coast Colony some time since. The leading chief in the Benin district, who rejoices in the name of Nana, has always been a somewhat refractory person, but of late he has developed the unpleasant habit of seizing the canoes and produce of other chiefs, and slaughtering their people (he is evidently a kind of dusky Socialist). The Niger Coast Government have shown this gentleman much forbearance, which he, like many another savage before him, has taken for a confession of



Rossignol drove the flaming torch into the mass of vine-faggots.

double purpose. In the first place it contained the masses of pine-wood and other combustibles, and preserved them from lapse, but the main object aimed at was, when overthrown, to break in the tiles of the roof so as to allow the molten pitch from the barrels and the flaming tallow to run in among the woodwork and set it on fire. But for this, there would be no assurance of success.

Considerable time was allowed to pass. It was thought advisable not to precipitate action, but to allow the freebooters to retire to rest.

The men seated themselves in perfect stillness on the grass and on stones. On the inner face of the enormous pile of combustibles lay Rossignol on his bed.

The night was without wind. Not a leaf stirred—there was not even a whisper among the short grass—only the continuous twitter of the crickets and, now and then from far below, yet audible at that height, the croak of a bull-frog in a backwater of the Vézère.

The sky had been overspread with clouds, which had rendered the night one of pitch blackness; but these dissolved. Whither they went was inexplicable—they were not rolled away by the wind, but appeared to evaporate, and let the stars shine through. Then, in the starlight, the valley below became visible, and the river gleamed up, reflecting the feeble light in the sky.

A low-lying fog formed in the valley of the Beune, and lay upon the spongy level, like a fall of sleet.

Jean made a sign; he was again thrust forward over the edge of the cliff, and remained for some minutes looking down and listening.

aloft in the mass, licked and lighted the tallow, it caressed, then exploded the casks of tar, and the whole pyre roared as a beast ravening for its prey.

And its prey was given it.

With their forks, with staves, the whole flaming, raging mass was cast over the edge after the avalanche of stones had been discharged.*

* The rock castles on the Vézère and the Dordogne all bear traces of having been burnt. History is silent, but tradition among the peasantry is very precise. They state that it was they who, at the close of the Hundred Years' War, riddled themselves of the Free Companies, and that they did it by the means described in this chapter.

(To be continued.)

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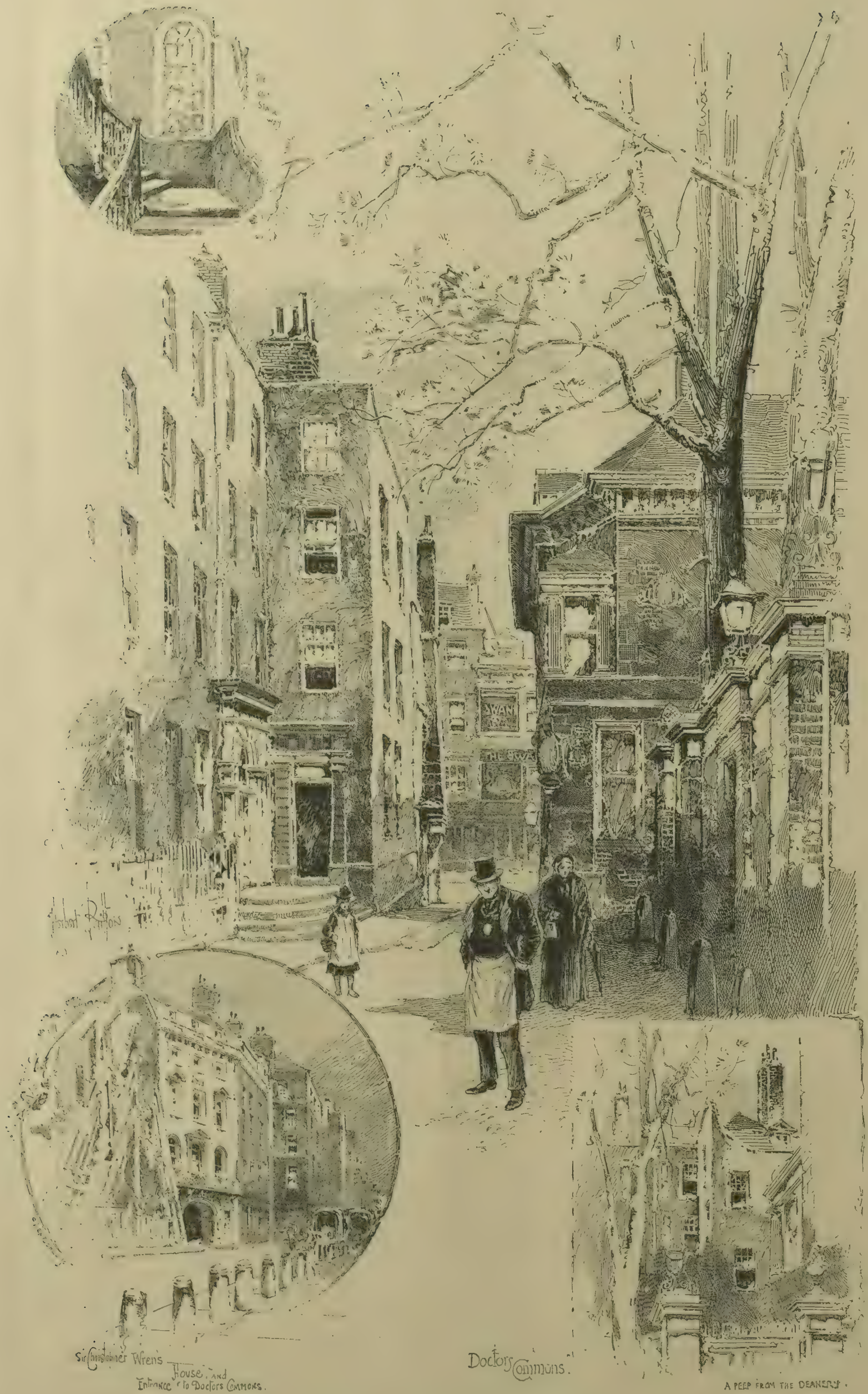
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weakness. So now, just to undeceive him, the English storm his town and lay waste his land. Nana is offering a stout resistance to this object-lesson; three Europeans have already been killed, and the affair still awaits a conclusion; but the final chapter may be delayed some time, as Benin is four hundred miles from Old Calabar, and communication, like our own village postman of the good old times, is "slow and irregular."

"Every man in this country," concludes our correspondent, "should be skilled in the use of firearms. We have a troop of native soldiers officered by Europeans, but the former are proving themselves untrustworthy now that they are called on to do real service. During their absence at Benin the sixty or so white men of Old Calabar are left to protect themselves against any rising of the natives there; and though such a contingency is remote—for these natives are a cowardly lot—yet there is always a possibility of it. At present the native of Old Calabar is an amiable middleman who lives, and often gets rich, by bringing produce from the markets of the interior and selling it to the European trader. When the European pushes, as he will do, his own way to these markets, the chiefs of Old Calabar will combine against him, not at first to fight openly, perhaps, but rather to adopt a method of warfare that many have thought peculiar to Ireland. Then boats will be wrecked and lighters sunk on their way up and down the river as they ply to and from the markets, and trouble will ensue here, as at Benin, though a better trade will follow when the necessary lesson has been taught."



OLD BUILDINGS AT DOCTORS' COMMONS NOW BEING DEMOLISHED.



"HER EYES ARE WITH HER THOUGHTS, AND THEY ARE FAR AWAY."—BY P. H. CALDERON, R.A.

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LITERATURE.

MR. RUSKIN'S "VERONA."

Verona, and Other Lectures. By John Ruskin. (London: George Allen).—"Had but the book continuity!" one says—continuity or unity, it does not much matter which. "Were it indeed a book, instead of a volume!" But we must take what we find, and this is one of the many tomes the existence of which is due in part, no doubt, to the genuine though exaggerated estimate placed upon Mr. Ruskin's fragmentary utterances by the friends who are responsible for publications like these, but in part also to the fact that the ordinary English middle class, caring nothing for that which is really Art, incapable of understanding it, but their ears tickled by telling language of a familiar pattern, has learned to buy its Ruskin just about as regularly as its approved cocoa or its biscuits of the famous brand. There is a commercial demand: it is met, in the strict way of business, by a commercial supply. And as far as typography, and as far as illustration, is concerned, the new fragments are launched upon the world with every advantage. Nay, more, they have this in their favour, besides—their editing, by Mr. Collingwood apparently, is at least careful and competent.

The fragments are of various periods. "Verona and its Rivers" is a complete lecture. It was given at the Royal Institution four-and-twenty years ago, and though doubtless reported at the time at considerable length, it has never until now been printed absolutely *in extenso*. It is by no means the least engaging instance of a style hardly the less polished because it is, as I take it, deliberately diffuse. In the diffuseness of Mr. Ruskin lies the secret of much of his acceptability to the multitude. It is little strain on the reader—and the "reader," quite as much as the "reviewer" is sometimes indolent—it is little strain upon him to grasp a single truth, a single proposition, beaten out, as by some heightened eloquence of an Irish clergyman, "line upon line," "precept upon precept." "Verona" is the facile and charmingly illustrated statement of one or two facts and one or two opinions, and, in Mr. Ruskin's inimitable way, he does almost persuade his reader that these one or two facts and one or two opinions are connected with everything under heaven and on the earth, and lie as the basis of the history of the world and Human Nature. In "Verona" he tells us in fascinating fashion a few things about Lombard Art and the Gothic spirit; and apropos of the tombs of the Scaligers—which stand next door to their palaces—he tells us, as is to be expected, something of that dynasty's history, marked by the thoroughly Italian characteristics of strength of feeling of splendid virtues, and of great crimes. No reader of Mr. Ruskin who has a recollection of his finer passages will forget that reference to the Scaligers' resting-place which in "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" closes the chapter on "The Lamp of Memory."

The "Story of Arachne"—dealing with Greek mythology—was delivered at Woolwich in the same year as "Verona" was delivered at the Royal Institution. It was apropos, no doubt, as a whole, though withal it contains observations for which one would not have considered Woolwich precisely the chosen place; but it has no particular value. "The Tortoise of Egina" consists of remarks intended for Oxford and the professor's chair, but never therein delivered. "Candida Casa" and "Mending the Sieve"—curiosity has often had to be excited by titles wide of the mark—are described to us either by Mr. Collingwood or Mr. Allen in the prospectus as "connected with" the projected series "Our Fathers have Told Us"—a series of which the "Bible of Amiens" would doubtless in the end have remained what it certainly has been from the beginning—one of the most fascinating chapters. "Candida Casa" and "Mending the Sieve" are perhaps less fanciful, but are assuredly likewise less entrancing contributions towards a work never now, it is to be feared, to be brought to its proper conclusion. The second of the two—little as one would suppose it—deals with the Cistercians and their architecture. They were the great building Order; and lucidly enough does Mr. Ruskin—ever characteristically harking back to a remote Past for sources of interest and causes of admiration—lucidly enough does he set forth his idealised conception of their life and ways. The book, of course, has many pages of interest and of easy reading, and we live in a day when the waste-paper baskets of the admittedly great attain a spurious value. If the autumn produces nothing remarkable—which is hardly likely—this volume is a not unreasonable *pis-aller*; but its projectors can scarcely, even by their genuine enthusiasm, be protected from a charge of book-making. Mr. Ruskin has written great things that will live. This little thing will die, and its death may be borne placidly.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

A BARD OF ABERDEEN.

College Carols. By John Malcolm Bulloch. (Aberdeen: D. Wylie and Son.)—From Mr. Bulloch's agreeable verses the Southron may learn among other things that the undergraduates of Aberdeen University have a magazine called *Alma Mater*, in which these "Carols" originally appeared. I confess to a certain thankfulness for this abdication of the Scotch nationality. The undergraduates might have been aggressively Caledonian: they might have called their periodical, "Our Ain Mither." Mr. Bulloch might have rioted in dialect, and extended his thoughtful glossary at the end of the book to many pages. As it happens, he is remarkably tender to the mere English reader; for his diction is almost entirely intelligible, though he presumes upon the popular knowledge to the extent of taking it for granted that we all know the origin of "Bajan." Personally, I do not, and the page entitled "Some Explanations" does not explain this. It is humiliating not to know the exact meaning of "Bajan." Life is in some degree poisoned for me by this ignorance. It is no use trying to persuade oneself that the expression is a mere freak of fantasy like "Boojum," and that the Snark may have been a "Bajan" after all. This is one of those subterfuges which do not long impose themselves upon a frank and ingenuous spirit. If these lines should meet the eye of Mr. Bulloch, I hope he will hasten to

relieve my mind from what threatens to be a philological nightmare. For I cannot help thinking that Sarah Gamp would have defined "Bajan" as one utterly depraved. Which, as an eminent mathematical authority would say, is absurd. Meanwhile, it is pleasant to acknowledge that many of these "Carols" are good reading, and that a few approach that standard of dainty fancy and deft execution which we associate with the name of Austin Dobson. Perhaps the most successful "Carol" is the rhapsody "On a Gown," in Mr. Dobson's manner; as thus—

See what a rascally rag!
Once it was royally red—
Tattered to many a tag,
All of its dignity dead.
One might imagine the shred
Motley of jester or clown—
Yet in the days that are fled
This was a Varsity Gown.

Very neat, too, is the ballad which describes the evolution of "That mystical letter Digamma"; and the blood of many a student will tingle with rejoicing recollection when he reads the tribute to "The Book of Bohn"—

When first I entered Classic Land,
And viewed the vast domain of Greek,
I did not clearly understand
How distant was the rising peak.
I toiled for many a weary week,
My little progress made me moan;
At last I found a path unique—
The Royal Road that leads by Bohn.

Mr. Bulloch has all that filial affection for his University which softens the most rugged asperities—

Now Manchester may beat us in the race
Of science and of laboratory lore;
And Birmingham (though scarce a pretty place)
In teaching modern languages may score;
Again, we hear of gallant little Wales,
Of Jena and Vienna
And "Parce":
But then we weigh against them in the scales
Our weather and our heather
And our sea.

The bard who weighs Scotch weather in the scales invests with an inscrutable charm the poetical avoirdupois of mist. But blood is even thicker than vapour north of the Tweed, and I respect Mr. Bulloch's enthusiasm without understanding it.

L. F. AUSTIN.

CZAR AND SULTAN.

Czar and Sultan. By Archibald Forbes. (Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith.)—Everything that Mr. Archibald Forbes writes is vivid with his strong personality, his great military knowledge, his command of the larger as well as the smaller details of the art of describing war. In the book before us he has chosen to weave a small element of personal adventure into his story of the Russo-Turkish war of 1877 to 1878. In other words, Mr. Forbes veils himself under the name of John Carnegie, the young Scotchman who is made to follow the Russian force from the Danube to San Stefano, much as Mr. Forbes himself followed it. It is not surprising that Mr. Forbes delights to give a fresh setting to the story which has for him an incomparable fascination, and which he has made live both as history and as romance. No readers of the *Daily News* of those eventful days can forget that it was Mr. Forbes, and Mr. Forbes alone, who made the campaign live for them; who was always in at the death, and whose letters were the very form and pressure of battle. Such a command at once of generalship and the scenic side of war, such a combination of the soldier and of the artist, has never been realised before. All these qualities reappear in this volume, to which Mr. Forbes has chosen to give a slightly fanciful colouring. Skobelev the younger is still his hero—Skobelev, the heaven-sent commander, with his Bersark courage, his instinct for war, his bloodthirst, his chivalry, his touch of the madness of genius—Skobelev with the white coat studded with orders which he always wore in action, Skobelev scented and fresh in the morning, Skobelev hoarse, with bloodshot eyes, begrimed with powder in the evening; Skobelev's brilliancy, fierceness, and self-will. Mr. Forbes seems never tired of painting his favourite military figure. Against him he sets the blunderers of Plevna, Levitsky, Krudener, and Schahofskoy. There is nothing better in the book than the two pictures of the hapless Alexander II.—the mighty picturesque figure of the first stages of the war, and the broken-down, asthmatical, nerve-distraught man to whom Forbes himself brought the welcome story of the holding of the Schipka Pass. Mr. Forbes has drawn on the work—much of which has been republished from the *Daily News*—by the great McGahan and by the American Mr. Millett, but if we remember rightly, the bulk of the story is contributed by his own pen. So far as any moral attaches to it, it would seem to show that the campaign was saved only by the military genius of two men—Skobelev and Gourko—and that, for the rest, the Russian organisation was about as bad, as bungled—to say nothing of more serious faults—as it well could be. As for Mr. Forbes's style, here is one among many of the word-pictures in which this volume abounds—

I found it pleasanter, for sundry reasons, to keep well to the windward of the Cossack. Studying him as closely as his rankness permitted, I found him a sturdy, wiry little fellow of some five feet five. His weather-beaten face was shrewd, bold, and knowing. His eyes were small, oblique, and keen; his mouth large, and between it and his pug nose—rather redder than the rest of his face—was a wisp of straw-coloured moustache. His long, thick, straight hair matched his moustache in colour, and was cut sheer round by the nape of his neck. He wore a round oilskin peakless shako with a knowing cock to the right, to maintain it at which angle was a strap round his chubby chin. Below the neck, as concerned his outside, the Cossack was all boots and great-coat. The latter, of thick grey blanketing, came down below his knees; his boots came up to them. Through chinks in his great-coat were glimpses of a sheepskin undercoat, with the hair worn inside—the thermometer being over seventy degrees in the shade. He was armed beyond all conception. He carried a long, red, flagless lance with a venomous steel head; and on his back was slung a carbine in an oil-skin cover, the stock downwards. In his belt was a long and heavy revolver in a leather holster, and from the shoulder hung a curved sword with no guard over its hilt.

H. W. MASSINGHAM.

JOHN BULL AND CO.

Le Maison de John Bull et Cie. By Max O'Rell. (Paris: Hachette et Cie.) *John Bull and Co.* (London: Frederick Warne and Co.)—We owe a substantial debt to the writer who calls himself "Max O'Rell" not merely for the pleasure that his lively books give, simply regarded as a source of amusement, but also because he enables us to see ourselves as an intelligent, wonderfully unprejudiced foreigner sees us. His latest work, "The Branch Establishments of the House of John Bull and Co.," really ought to be put into the hands of every member of the Colonial Department, for while in the matter of new facts it is barren, the author's opinions are highly suggestive, and show our Colonies from a new point of view. Of course, if "Max O'Rell" were an Anglophobe his book would have little value; but he displays a kindly feeling for Old England, and a desire to point out errors and perils not merely for the pleasure of pointing them.

Of broad views, two seem worthy of attention. Speaking of Canada and the vexed question of its relation with America, he says: "Canada seems destined by its position and consideration of its welfare to become some day part of the great American family." But he adds that the annexation will be made without bloodshed. The other broad view concerns the Colonies in general. He is convinced that the Colonies will never become part of a Britannic confederation, with London as its centre. Jealousy of one another, anxiety to preserve individuality, and fear of being compromised by England's quarrels in Europe will prevent the confederation. Strangely enough, in speaking of Canada, he says that the "Canadians do not wish to see themselves annexed to the United States. . . . During the War of Independence Canada was preserved to England because the French Canadians hated the Yankees far more than they hate the English." He sums up the attitude of the French Canadians by saying, "These good French Canadians, it is true, sing 'God save the Queen' (not very loud), but in Norman Breton 'God save the Queen' means 'God save my property.'"

Touching his travels he makes the pertinent remark, "If everybody were to travel, the peace of the world would be safe." The author gives a fine touch of English character in speaking of tobogganing. "I wouldn't have missed the sensation for a thousand pounds," said an Englishman to him; "but I wouldn't try it again for two thou." A pleasant phrase for us and the Colonies is, "The inhabitants of the English colonies are, like the English when at home, the most amiable and hospitable people in the world"; and he adds that it is a mistake to judge the English from the samples that one meets travelling on the Continent.

Nothing can exceed "Max O'Rell's" admiration for the tact and judgment shown by us in treating the colonists, and the fairness in dealing with native populations—indeed, he draws strongly contrasted pictures of the treatment of the Redskins by us and by the Americans, greatly in our favour. Yet he contrives to suggest that our methods are founded on a belief in the economic truth of the maxim, "Honesty is the best policy." It is to be feared, however, that, on the whole, the Australians will hardly find the book pleasant reading. "You will discover in the Southern Hemisphere that venality, the worship of the golden calf, hypocrisy, and cant are even more rampant than in Old England, and I can guarantee that an ill-cut coat will keep you out of more houses than a shady reputation."

To give an idea of the jealousy of the colonials of one another, he tells of a town of 1600 inhabitants in New South Wales which, jealous of a neighbouring town because a prison had just been built in it, insisted upon its Parliamentary representative obtaining from Government a prison as big and handsome as its rival's. He accuses the Australians of being great eaters. "They pass most of their time in eating. At seven a.m., tea in bed; at 8.30, breakfast of cold meat, cutlets, steaks, eggs, bacon, and tea; at eleven, dry biscuit and beer; at one, dinner, and tea with it; at three o'clock, tea; at six o'clock, supper with tea; at nine or ten, bread and cheese."

Like all Frenchmen, he gibes at Anglo-Saxon cooking. "The Anglo-Saxons in the matter of cooking are almost as advanced as rabbits." "They have the same soups in the Colonies as in England—or rather, the same soup, since the English as yet have only invented one." Unfortunately, he forgets to name the one soup. "Drink," he declares, "is the ruin of Australia." "Drink in the Colonies is the panacea for the boredom of existence, and drunkenness in all strata of colonial society is an evil that is eating up the country. It is not a gay drunkenness, but a sad, dreary 'boozing' that becomes a necessity, and is, therefore, incurable and revolting."

There is a comic little fling at Sydney when, in speaking of one of its suburbs, the lively Frenchman asks: "Can you think yourself in a civilised land at Wooroomgorra or Woolloomooloo?" It is not clear that Wales cannot vie with the colony in this matter. Touching the hyper-religious people, who wearied him, he made a hit at a Dissenter, who said to him: "'Oh, you French! you don't pass the Sabbath in prayer as we do!'" "No," I replied, "we don't find it necessary in France to spend all the Sabbath in repenting our sins of the week." Of South Africa he has, perhaps, less to tell than is novel. He has fallen under the fascination of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, and comes to the conclusion that one of two things will happen: Either Mr. Rhodes will carry out his dream of acquiring for the mother country all South Africa up to the Zambesi, and he will be Prime Minister of an English colony bigger than all Europe; or John Bull will clumsily interfere, and one day there will be an independent African Confederation, with Mr. Rhodes as President and Mr. Hofmeyr as Vice-president.

No matter what part of the book you read, you will find useful information administered in such a skilful fashion that there is hardly a dull page in "The House of John Bull and Co." The English version, published by Frederick Warne and Co., though it makes some curious omissions and is less polished in style than the original, on the whole gives a capital idea of Mr. O'Rell's book. It is illustrated by a number of interesting photographs of the places and people visited by the author, his wife, and daughter.

E. F. SPENCE.

THE PEARY ARCTIC EXPEDITION TO NORTH GREENLAND.

Photographs by S. H. Parsons, St. John's, Newfoundland.

The Peary North Greenland Expedition, with its auxiliary, has returned to St. John's, Newfoundland, after two years' absence, with the exception of Lieutenant Peary himself and two companions, who remain in the Arctic regions for another year. The record of the expedition is one of comparative failure, for its chief purpose is not accomplished, though minor successes have been achieved. The expedition started from Newfoundland in the steam-whaler *Falcon* in July 1893. It consisted of Lieutenant Peary and his wife, her nurse Mrs. Cross, and a party of ten young men filled with the desire to distinguish themselves in Arctic exploration. Two of them, Entreen and Astrup, were with Peary in his previous expedition; the others, Dr. Vincent, Messrs. Baldwin, Clarke, Davidson, Carr, Lee, Stokes, and Swain, were novices. Peary's coloured servant, Mat Henson, accompanied him. The *Falcon* carried a large stock of provisions and a house, in sections, to be set up at the headquarters, Falcon Harbour, Bowdoin Bay, in lat. 77°44' N. This house was called "Anniversary Lodge." Peary proposed heating it all the winter with petroleum, and had a dynamo to generate electricity to supply light. Unusual interest was felt in this expedition, because Mrs. Peary was expected to give birth to a child.



MRS. PEARY.

This event did take place on Sept. 12, 1893, and a healthy, flaxen-haired little girl of twelve months has returned with her mother.

Peary's intention in undertaking this expedition was twofold: he wished to survey some masses of land he had previously seen to the north of Greenland; and he also wished to explore and map the eastern coast of Greenland southward to Cape Bismarck, the farthest point hitherto reached on that side. In his former expedition, that of 1881, with his wife and six companions, he wintered in Greenland, crossing the interior ice cap, making a journey of thirteen hundred miles, and discovering that Greenland was really an island. It was the land-masses which he then saw, on the first journey, looking north from Independence Bay, in 81°47' north latitude, the most northerly point reached by him then, that he now, in the second expedition, undertook to explore.

When the ship reached her destination on July 29, Peary, his party, and equipment were landed, and she returned home, leaving them to the loneliness of an Arctic winter. The autumn was spent in hunting, to procure reindeer flesh for the party

CAPTAIN HENRY BARTLETT.
COMMANDER OF THE AUXILIARY EXPEDITION.

and walrus for the dogs, of which there were a hundred, to be used in drawing the sledges over the inland ice. An advance party conveyed the stores required to the top of the ice cap, and there cached or buried them. On March 6, this year, the expedition set forth. It consisted of eight persons—Peary, Astrup, Entreen, Dr. Vincent, Baldwin, Clarke, Davidson, and Lee. From the outset very unfavourable weather was experienced—snowstorms, blizzards, and intense frost, and the equinoctial gale raged three days; the wind blew at the rate of 48 miles an hour, and the thermometer fell to 50, 55, and eventually 60 degrees below zero. Several men were badly frostbitten and had to be sent back, reducing the party to four. They were now at an altitude of 5500 ft. above the sea-level. Their dogs were perishing fast. But the undaunted little party struggled on till Peary reluctantly gave up the attempt, and returned to the station, where they arrived on April 20. They had traversed only 130 miles; they started out with ninety-two dogs and twelve sledges, they returned with only twenty-six dogs and abandoned all the sledges on the way. Peary then announced his determination to remain in Greenland till next year, and to make another attempt to succeed in his purpose. Hugh Lee, one of the party, and Mat Henson, Peary's servant, volunteered to remain with him. During the spring, after the members of the party recovered from their hardships, smaller explorations were started. Peary and Lee went south as far as Cape York, and discovered a meteorite, which has been lying there since the time of Sir John Ross's expedition in 1848. He also, with his wife, made a sledge-journey of a hundred miles, and located a new glacier. In May, Astrup made a sledge-journey to Melville Bay, and explored 150 miles of its hitherto unknown coast. Ninety miles of this he found to be covered with glaciers, to most of which he gave names. He has reduced his surveys to charts, and now the whole of this coast-line is comparatively well ascertained. The coast from Cape York to Cape Alexander was also

accurately surveyed and charted. In the same month, Vincent and Entreen tried to reach Rensselaer Harbour, Dr. Kane's headquarters. They got to Littleton Island, but the ice broke up, compelling them to abandon the trip.

After this all remained anxiously awaiting the arrival of the *Falcon*, with the auxiliary expedition, to bring them home. This left Newfoundland on July 7 last, under command of Captain Henry Bartlett, but the ice was so thick that the ship could not get through. Communication was established with the shore, and the steamer crossed Inglefield Gulf to Cape Faraday and Clarence Head to search for the missing Swedish naturalists, Bjorling and the other. No traces were found there, nor at the Carey Islands, which were visited on the way north, so it is believed that these unfortunate young men and their crew have perished. The steamer returned, and, after eight days' "butting" at the ice, forced her way into Falcon Harbour on Aug. 20. Six days were spent there, ten tons of coal and a stock of provisions for Peary's use put on shore, Mrs. Peary, the other members, and their luggage were taken on board, and then the *Falcon* started to return to Newfoundland. Lieutenant Peary accompanied her as far as Cape York,



LIEUTENANT PEARY.

hoping to get the meteorite above mentioned on board, but the shore was blocked with ice and the steamer could not get near. Peary then returned north in his whale-boat. The *Falcon* arrived at Newfoundland on Sept. 15, all well,

and sailed on the 17th for Philadelphia, where the expedition was broken up. The auxiliary party were very successful in scientific work. Professor Chamberlain, of Chicago University, who was one of them, explored seventeen glaciers; Professor Libbey, of Princeton, devoted himself to deep-sea temperatures and dredging with equal success.

As to Peary's work next year, opinions are divided. Most of his companions think his chances very slight. He has only one man—Lee—to depend on, and it is a desperate undertaking for these two to venture out, as an accident to one would mean disaster to both. On the other hand, Peary has done almost the same thing before. He has confidence in himself, and inspires confidence in others, and his matured experience of Arctic conditions will enable him to discriminate between enterprise and rashness. However, we must wait for another year to tell its own story.



THE WHALING STEAMER "FALCON."



JAPANESE TROOPS LANDING AT CHEMULPO, SEPT. 9.

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. A. W. WYLDE, H.M.S. "LEANDER."

The transports came in at full speed, dropped anchor, and started disembarking the troops at once. Chemulpo harbour is very shallow and all but small craft have to lie a good two miles from the landing-place. The troops were conveyed ashore in Korean junks towed by a small steam-boat; they consisted of about 2000 men, all infantry. Shortly after the arrival of the transports the cruiser "Yaguma Kan" came in and anchored outside them. The men fell in on the quay in good order without confusion. They were in heavy marching order, and it is impossible to speak too highly of their equipment—they even carry binoculars. Everything they possess seems to be of the newest pattern; they are shod like English troops, and carry a spare pair of boots; they carry the old pattern knapsack that the Prussian infantry used to—bullock-hide with the hair on—and are armed with magazine rifles. The men are small in stature but very sturdy; they did not appear to be in good spirits, but the sea voyage might account for that; 10,000 more are expected on the 11th, including the Imperial Guard, accompanied by the Crown Prince, as Major of Cavalry.

LAMBETH PALACE.—No. II.

BY E. F. BENSON.

The main entrance into the palace is a fine example of Early Tudor work, and was built by Cardinal Morton at the end of the fifteenth century. The two massive brick towers, with their heavy battlements, small windows, and square construction, are a wonderfully fine example of that impressive though rather ponderous style of building. Morton's Tower, like the Water Tower, has its prison, though the apparatus of detention is obscured here, under the exigencies of modern occupation.

The great gate opens on to a small courtyard, along one side of which runs the Great Hall or library. The present building is the work of Archbishop Juxon, who succeeded to the Primacy at the Restoration, when Lambeth was in ruins, and with a princely liberality he spent £15,000 in restoring it in the course of three years. He determined that as far as possible the Great Hall should be rebuilt in its original style, and in the interior we find no trace of the "overladen ornateness" of the English Renaissance. Until the time of Howley it was used as a state room and banqueting-hall; here were held the Consecration Banquets, on the occasion of consecrations of new bishops to the province of Canterbury, which were only discontinued in the year 1845. At these feasts the newly created bishop sat at the head of the table with his cap on, while the archbishop and other bishops were uncovered. In 1534 the Special Commission sat here which administered to the clergy the oath transferring the supremacy of the Church from the Pope to the King; here, too, for a time, the High Commission held its sittings, instead of in the Star Chamber.



THE GUARD-ROOM, LAMBETH PALACE.

was compiled, and where the High Commission had sat, took place the trial of the Bishop of Lincoln.

cate and masterly beyond description, and, what is more, thoroughly convincing. It is one of those portraits

pacific processes of dining. But in the earlier years of the archiepiscopate such a room was as integral a part of the palace as the prison or the chapel. Archbishop Baldwin, for instance, was a Crusader with a large armed retinue, and was killed in Palestine; and once, under Edward III., the prelates and clergy were "ordered to take up arms in defence of the country." Not unfrequently, too, archbishops had to take up arms in their own defence in those days when they held political as well as ecclesiastical offices; in the Wat Tyler riots, for instance, Archbishop Sudbury was defeated and killed. Later, the guard-room became an armoury, and less than three hundred years ago there were suits of armour for two hundred men. Now, alas! they have all disappeared, with the exception of some score of pikes, discovered only the other day in an old lumber-room. The transformation of the guard-room is complete, and instead of the silent iron suits of armour round the walls there runs that unique series of portraits of archbishops, complete from Warham to the present day.

All the portraits of archbishops before Warham we must regard as apocryphal. With the best intentions in the world, we can hardly suppose that the picture of Dunstan dates from the tenth century. Then follow two other isolated portraits of Arundel and Chicheley, the first of which is known to be a copy, and the second of which can scarcely be contemporary. But with Warham begins an unbroken series.

This portrait is a most beautiful example of Holbein's work; it is delicate and masterly beyond description, and, what is more, thoroughly convincing. It is one of those portraits



LAMBETH PALACE: THE GREAT COURTYARD.



THE GREAT COURTYARD, WITH LIBRARY.

Since the time of Howley, however, the Great Hall has been used as the library. It contains over 30,000 books and over 1200 manuscripts, many of which are of great value and beauty. But it is the registers and charters which are really the great treasure of the library, containing, as they do, an enormous mass of unique records concerning the history of the see, and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that all we know of the early history of the see is gathered from them.

Of the manuscripts, the most precious is an illuminated copy of the "Gospels of MacDurnan," Bishop of Armagh in the ninth century. This copy is of particular interest, for it is stated on the fly-leaf that it was a present from King Athelstan to the city of Canterbury. A book of devotions belonging to Queen Elizabeth, a manuscript Koran of the fifteenth century, both beautifully illuminated, a Mazarine Testament, printed on vellum, and several very early Caxtons, are also to be seen in the vitrines which stand between the bookcases.

Finally, only a few years ago, on the spot that had witnessed the trial of Thomas More and John Fisher, where the Bishops' Book

From very early times there has been at Lambeth a guard-room, though nowadays it is used for the more

about which we can confidently say that it *must* be a very good likeness. Continuing the series, the next very

remarkable portrait we come to is that of Archbishop Laud, by Vandyck. There is a curious story relating to this. Laud tells us in his diary that one day near the close of his life he entered his study, where the picture was hung. "Coming in," he says, "I found it fallen upon the face and lying on the floor . . . I am almost every day threatened with my ruin in Parliament. God grant this be no omen!" Laud seems always to have had the "sense of doom" even as strongly as the Stuarts. On a small pane of glass, now in the Library at Lambeth, he has scratched with his diamond ring his name and the date, Jan. 14, 1638-9, and underneath: "Omen avertat Deus."

Other fine portraits are those of Tillotson, by Sir Godfrey Kneller; of Herring, by Hogarth; of Secker, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; and of Moore, by Romney. Portraits by Hogarth are very rare, and when we look at this one of Archbishop Herring we see at once that his genius did not lie there. The face is flat and expressionless; the artist seems to have been utterly outside his *métier*. The portrait by Sir Joshua is a wonderful



THE GATEHOUSE, LAMBETH PALACE.

piece of work, but it, unfortunately, bears record to Sir Joshua's strange craze for making his own colours, and the consequence is that the red pigment has entirely faded, leaving the flesh white and death-like. Indeed, this portrait is a most vivid contrast to the one by Romney, which is full of that wonderful luminous brightness which characterises his work.

In the portrait gallery adjoining are a number of pictures of less interest and beauty, mainly of bishops. Over the door into the guard-room hangs a somewhat gruesome representation of Juxon, taken after death, an object, in earlier years, to be passed by with averted eyes on dusky evenings.

To the north-east of the chapel rises a tall brick tower, traditionally known as Cranmer's Tower. It certainly belongs to that period, but there is no adequate reason for supposing he built it. Two rooms in it, one of which is at present, as it has been from the time of Laud, the organ chamber, are known as Cranmer's parlour and Cranmer's bed-room, though whether they are so called because the tower is called Cranmer's Tower, or vice versa, admits of two opinions.

The rest of the house—in fact, all the living part of the house, is practically the work of Archbishop Howley. The hall opens into the great corridor, running all the length of the house, from which open the drawing-rooms, the Archbishop's private library, and the secretaries' rooms. To the back lie the garden and field. The trees, it is true, seem to forget that they were made to be green under the "ghastly dew" which beneficent chimneys shed on them, but in the field seventeen local Lambeth cricket clubs play simultaneously and in the closest vicinity to each other, and over them a special providence watches.

There are many houses in England in which great historical scenes have been enacted, which have borne their part in great movements and in the creation of history, but in many the memorials of such times have been effaced. The later heir has altered the fabric, and in improving has spoiled. Lambeth in this respect has been particularly lucky. When Cardinal Morton, for the glory of the see, built his gateway, he did not demolish previous work, but has left us his own standing separate and apart, the genuine, and if we may say so, the solvent, product of his time. When Boniface built his chapel he left the crypt still standing. When Juxon came and found the great hall in ruins he rebuilt it again in the spirit in which it was first set up, but, not to deceive us, he left his name and the style of his age on the louvre lantern; and when Laud found the chapel "lying nastily" and the windows "peeced together" he preserved and set up again the glory of Morton's glass even at the peril of his head. So, in the stone of the house is its history written, in its prisons, its library, its chapel.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

It is almost a misnomer to call the male members of Alexander the Third's immediate *entourage* his *collaborateurs*; sublimated secretaries would be a more appropriate term, for they have never been allowed to have any initiative of their own. It is an open secret in Russian Court circles that Count Ignatieff's career was cut short for ever because he had dared to elaborate the project of a necessary reform. Nevertheless, a goodly number of these men are highly gifted, and may, under altered circumstances, draw the attention of Europe one day, provided they are not too old by that time, like Pobiedonostseff, the Procurator-General of the Most Holy Synod, of whom I will speak directly, his colleagues at the Ministries for Foreign Affairs and for War, respectively M. de Giers and General Vannovski, claiming precedence from a European point of view.

Both Napoleon I. and his nephew—to speak of recent sovereigns only—were virtually their own Ministers for Foreign Affairs. I have heard it said by those who ought to know that Queen Victoria would have liked to be, had the Constitution of the country allowed of it. These same informants added that she could have given either of the four best Ministers of her reign, Palmerston and Disraeli included, odds and beaten them. Be this as it may, there is no doubt about Alexander the Third's reluctance to entrust Russia's foreign policy to anyone but himself. No one can contest the right to do this to an absolute ruler. What an absolute ruler has no right to do, though, is to force his pseudo-Foreign Minister to carry out a policy which is at variance with that Minister's views, if not with his conscience. That was the position in which he placed M. de Giers after the interviews of Skiernewitz and Kremsine, when he, Alexander, declined to follow the policy of his father with regard to the Triple Alliance, a policy to which, it should be said, he was always opposed and which he frankly denounced while he was only the Czarevitch. This does not mean, however, that he was anxious for a *rapprochement* with France, as the French flatter themselves. He was merely determined at that time to remain absolutely free, however much his views may have changed later on.

M. de Giers, on the other hand, foresaw what would happen and what some people assert has happened—an understanding with France; he was also reluctant to abandon the alliance with Germany, and when summoned to the Emperor's presence frankly said so. He asked there and then to be relieved of his portfolio. "You ask me to accept your resignation," said Alexander severely.

"You appear to forget that you are not in the service of a constitutional monarchy, under which régime Ministers tender their resignations; but that you are under an autocracy, where the Sovereign dismisses his Ministers when he thinks it necessary. For the moment I fail to see that necessity, consequently I shall expect your reports upon the various questions within your domain. When I think it necessary I will send you home." M. de Giers endeavoured in vain to enlist the sympathies of Admiral Schestakoff, a favourite of the Czar, but the old sea-dog declined to intercede. Since then M. de Giers has faithfully carried out his imperial master's views, but the visits to Varzin and Friedrichsruhe ceased. Was I far wrong in calling the so-called "collaborateurs" of Alexander III. so many sublimated secretaries?

M. de Giers is of Swedish origin, and a disciple of the diplomatic school of Nesselrode. As a matter of course, he is not very enthusiastic in carrying out plans with which he thoroughly disagrees, and Alexander was not slow to perceive this. If he had been, M. de Giers' enemies, and he has many—for he has a very sharp tongue and resembles St. Paul in not suffering fools gladly—would have soon pointed it out to the Czar. Odd to relate, Alexander would long ago have granted M. de Giers' wish and accepted his resignation, but each time he showed the least inclination to that effect the intention leaked out and was commented upon by the foreign Press; seeing which, Alexander III. changed his mind, lest he should appear to yield to foreign pressure. M. de Giers is perfectly aware of the identity of the personage who put so strange a spoke in his wheel, but he cannot help himself.

No friction of that kind has ever occurred between Alexander III. and General Vannovski, his Minister for



LAMBETH PALACE: PORT-ROOM LEADING INTO THE ANTECHAPEL.

War, for the simple reason that, by all accounts, this very formidable martinet has not got a single idea of his own beyond the routine ones. The Emperor is the traditional chief of the Russian army, and Vannovski is his oracle, but an oracle of the kind I saw in a comic opera somewhere—was it at the Savoy?—which wants winding up at every moment. Vannovski went to school with Nicholas in everything that regards the discipline of the army, but he is thoroughly honest; hates all Court intrigue, and that is a great thing to those who know *l'histoire intime* of some of the Russian War Ministers of the past. Luckily for Russia, there is General Obroutcheff, the chief of the General Grand Staff, who, I feel certain, will take Vannovski's place whenever the hour for marching strikes.

Pobiedonostseff—I cannot help the name, Mr. Composer, but it has given me as much trouble to write it as it will give you to set it—the Procurator-General of the Most Holy Synod, was one of Alexander the Third's tutors. It was he who set his face against a continuance of the liberal measures of Alexander II. when his son ascended the throne. He is credited by most men outside the Empire with having been the right hand of the Czar throughout the reign. The Jews owe their persecution partly to him; nevertheless, there is one Jew whom he did not care to offend, and that is Baron Hirsch. The Baron would perhaps be the best man to write part of his biography; and if each of the numerous Court ladies to whose hearts, in spite of his four-score years, he still continues to lay siege would but add a chapter to that of the great financier, we might get an accurate picture of him. The preface to the book should be written by Pastor Stockes of Berlin and the marginal notes by Bismarck. The title should be "The New Tartuffe," or better still, "Two Tartuffes," for, since he has been hoaxed and victimised by that sham archimandrite Paissy, he sings considerably smaller; but Alexander III., as far as that goes, never wanted his accompaniment in that anti-Semitic song; he himself could have trolled all the parts of it in succession.

THE GENIUS OF PRODGERS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The old French Academician who paternally discouraged George Sand in her beginnings, enumerated all the recognised kinds of literature. "And finally," he said, "there is the Fable, in which I especially shine." Since the days of this venerable fossil at least one new literary species has been discovered—namely, the composition of exhaustive books on the genius of living authors who have not yet exhausted themselves. In these efforts to sum up the work of men who are still working, one seems to detect something "a little too previous," as the Americans say. "Call no man happy till he is dead," and write a big book on no man's genius till it has spoken its last word, appears to be good advice. You cannot say what Genius may do next, what surprises it may have in store, and the later fruits may conceivably disprove all your reasonings on the earlier developments. After fifty, let us say, it is true that genius does keep pretty much in the old rut, and that the admiring student is in little danger of a surprise and discomfiture. But we never know what may happen. Moreover, to sum a man up, and estimate him, while he is still alive and industrious, is surely to show a slight want of tact. A volume on "The Genius of Prodgers" takes it for granted that Mr. Prodgers is an exhausted volcano of the intellect: that the bolt is shot, and the story told. Were I Prodgers, I would resent a work on my Genius as a well-intended impertinence. "Young man!" I'd say, "how do you know anything about my Genius? Who are you to reckon up that powerful spiritual force? I feel it glowing and boiling, and I am much inclined to fancy that it may break out in a new place, perhaps in a satire, or in a novel of the domestic affections, in a play concerned with very improper 'problems,' in the manifesto of a new scientific religion, or something of that sort. I may not be in my first youth, and my blameless past may give no hint that I am about to burst forth in any emancipated manner. But my Genius is simmering; soon it will reach boiling point; I advise you to look out; your volume on my Genius may prove not only inadequate but erroneous. Do wait till the grass is over me, like a good fellow."

Thus, methinks, a living Immortal might very well address his impatient admirer. Perhaps living Immortals do not take this line: perhaps they ask the ardent young adorer to dinner, give him tips about their genius, show him manuscripts, babble of their past, and regard him as a domesticated Boomster. I know nothing about the matter, but I plainly perceive the danger of being in too great a hurry with a book on the Genius of Prodgers. Prodgers, even at fifty, may get his second wind, as it were, and start on a new course. If M. Jules Lemaitre had achieved a work on "The Genius of Renan" before M. Renan took to writing skittish plays, where would he have been? Again, nobody knows where to have M. Verlaine: he may break out as an Apostle of Temperance, a member of the Salvation Army, or anything. If I live, I expect to see M. Zola a Cardinal: in the bosom of the Church survivors may most probably see him, and the French young men, wise in their generation, do not hurry to estimate the genius of Zola or of M. Daudet, or of anybody. Let our own impetuous youth be wary: the new *genre* is not a wise *genre*. It is premature. Nobody in Shakspeare's time dreamed of a work on his genius, nor in Fielding's time on Fielding, nor in Scott's time on Scott. People knew that contemporaries are not at the proper point in the historical perspective. The Church does not canonise saints in the days of their life: it waits to see how their reputation bears the test of time, and whether or not their miracles persist. Criticism should imitate this wise dilatoriness, and the Genius of Prodgers should be content to wait for two or three generations. Assuredly it cannot be estimated, as a whole, while it is still at work. The "hard pan" of it may not have been reached. Great nuggets and veins of gold may remain to be discovered and explored. The lyrical or idyllic may develop into a dramatist. Thus it is premature (though easy) to deduce the Genius of the extant Prodgers from his race, Celtic or what not; from the prehistoric remains in his native county, from the merits of his admirable grandmother, and so forth and so forth, in the modern manner. As Captain Shandon said about another kind of composition, "it is such easy writing," and therefore is tempting; but, for the reasons given, and others as obvious, the temptation should be resisted. Perhaps Prodgers is not such a very great swell, after all: on that point we, his contemporaries, are not infallible judges. The future may ask, "Why such a pother about Prodgers?"

I have not read a page of any of the rather numerous modern books which sum up the genius of living men. But, on reflection, the subjects themselves—they first of all, perhaps—will probably acknowledge that this kind of biographical estimate is unwise and premature, and that the *éloge* of Prodgers should not be pronounced till Prodgers is "where Orpheus and where Homer are."



1. The Prince of Wales's rough-coated Basset-hound, Beauty II.
2. The Prince of Wales's Basset-hound, Bonnie II.

3. Mr. C. C. Haldenby's Foreign Dog, Fan'ca.
4. Mr. O. C. Thompson's Poodle, King II.

5. Mr. George R. Sims's Dalmatian, Samson.
6. Mr. Brough's Bloodhound, Brunhilda.

THE KENNEL CLUB DOG SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



A COUNTRY MARKET.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

An excellent suggestion was lately made by Professor Annandale, of Edinburgh, relative to the providing by railway companies of an ambulance-carriage, which, in the case of an accident, could be run on at once to the scene of a disaster, and used for the safe and comfortable transport of the wounded to the nearest hospital. Such carriages could be stationed one at each big centre. There can be no hesitation on the ground of expense, at least, on the part of our railway companies in carrying out the Professor's suggestion, which, by-the-way, arose out of the recent accident at Northallerton. Such a carriage would simply be a travelling ambulance-vehicle, fitted with beds ready for immediate occupation, and provided with a small kitchen, somewhat similar to that seen in the dining-cars, where soup and other necessities for the patients could be prepared. The carriage would also contain the ordinary ambulance armamentarium of splints, bandages, and the like; and I presume it would be specially constructed to avoid excessive vibration. Professor Annandale's suggestion is an invaluable one, and I hope, in the public interest, to see it adopted at once. With all our luxuries in the way of sleeping-saloon, dining and luncheon cars, surely we may expect to find the ambulance-carriage an essential feature of every railway system, and that at no distant date.

Professor Lloyd Morgan, of Bristol, in an interesting account of his observations on the inherited instincts of young pheasants, recalls to one's mind the late Douglas Spalding's investigations made on young chicks. Instinct in this light is perpetuated habit, and habit, moreover, which has survived because it is serviceable in the highest degree to the species which exhibits it. The young pheasants experimented on by Professor Morgan were reared from eggs taken from the hen and transferred to an incubator a few days before the hatching process was due. The birds, in respect of their accuracy in pecking at and seizing food, resemble the newly hatched chicks. Thus, two were hatched at 3 p.m., and at 6.30 they did not peck at finely chopped egg which was placed before them, nor at grain or at sand at eleven next morning. At 4 p.m., however, pecking began, though feebly exhibited; but on the following morning sand and grain were attacked "with fair aim." In the night a bird was hatched, and at 12 noon some egg-bread was presented to it on the end of a toothpick. This was struck at and missed, but a second attempt was more successful: the morsel was seized and some of it swallowed.

The conclusion arrived at is that the powers of co-ordination, or, in other words, the nerve and muscular arrangements for pecking and striking, are inherited, so as to ensure fair but not complete accuracy, and that a certain amount of individual experience is necessary to bring these habits to perfection. This is a very rational view of things. Inheritance is the real basis of the act, and experience perfects their performance. Professor Morgan tells us the little pheasants showed no signs of fear of him, nor of his fox-terrier. Fear, as a preservative habit or instinct, it is evident, is much more largely an individual experience, if one may so term it, than an inherited one. This, again, is natural, because I fancy it must happen that the danger to be guarded against may vary in one instance from that encountered in another; and habit and experience alone can play the part of happy guardian here.

A lady correspondent asks me whether I can guide her in her search after opinions of value on the question of cycling as an exercise for women. With the modern craze on the part of women for this form of exercise, she thinks some definite opinion from those in authority should be obtained—because, if hurtful, the warning may do good; while if healthful, a word of commendation will do no harm. I very much doubt whether any opinion whatever regarding, say, the hurtfulness of cycling will deter the New Woman from doing exactly as she pleases about cycling, or, indeed, anything else; but I should like to hear what my friend Sir B. W. Richardson has to say regarding this topic. Also, I may refer my correspondent to the opinions of a distinguished surgeon, Mr. F. Treves, which she will find in his little book on physical education (a republication of his papers in a larger volume), published by Messrs. J. and A. Churchill. Mr. Treves's opinion is that cycling is *not* an exercise adapted for women at all. Also, if the cyclists' stoop be a matter of much condemnation in men, is it not also to be condemned as a serious matter in the opposite sex? My correspondent raises a highly important question: I hope it will be fully answered by authority in matters medical, and I trust my journalistic brethren of the *Lancet* and *British Medical Journal* will let us hear their views on this matter.

Bread has not hitherto fallen greatly under the suspicion of sanitarians as a medium for harbouring disease-microbes or other germs, but a paper by Drs. Waldo and Walsh on the question, "Does Baking Sterilise Bread?" will be certain to awaken inquiry, and, if it does nothing else, will strengthen the hands of those who are intent on reforming the sanitation of London and other bakehouses. These investigations prove that certain microbes—not of the disease-producing kind—can survive the process of baking in the centre of an ordinary loaf. This being so, by analogy it is concluded that if, say, typhoid germs from a dirty bakery gain admittance to bread, they also may survive the process of baking and become a source of infection. The practical argument here is one for the absolute cleanliness of the bakery. We insist upon this condition being fulfilled in the case of the dairy; let us see that it is also strenuously represented in the bakers' premises as well.

Dr. Alexander Buchan has been summarising the results of investigations into the Scottish rainfall from 1866 to 1890. In this period of twenty-five years, he finds that around the Moray Firth the rainfall was lowest. Here the average is from 23 inches to 26 inches, and Nairn, now a favourite northern resort, is the driest place of all north of the Tweed. The south-west half of Skye has an average annual fall of 80 inches; at Sligachan the highest mean annual fall being 92 inches.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

S F F (Seconer R S O).—We regret your painstaking solution is not quite right, although not far from it. R to K Kt 7th is the fatal obstacle to your move.

C W (Sunbury).—Very acceptable, and we hope to find it all right.

H S BRANDRETH (Weybridge).—The *Chess Monthly* can be obtained at Breams Buildings, Chancery Lane. The price is one shilling.

E J SHARPE (Clapton).—The omission of your name was quite an oversight, which is righted below.

NIGEL.—We are sorry you think so poorly of us as your letter suggests. We repeat that K to Q 4th will not solve No. 2635.

BERNARD REYNOLDS.—There seems some mistake. The only possible move on the lines you indicate is 19. B takes P, but the game is won anyhow. We are glad you like No. 2636.

A C CHALLENGER.—Marked for early insertion. It is both correct and good.

F LOUGH.—The problem is right as it stands, and we fail to see why the position of the Rook should be altered as you suggest.

J W LOCK (Peterborough).—At the moment, we cannot easily refer. If you will send us a copy of the position, we will answer with pleasure.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2634 and 2635 received from E C McMaster (Northampton); of No. 2636 from Bernard Reynolds, Edward J Sharpe, T G (Ware), J R S (Whitley), and Charles Wagner (Vienna); of No. 2637 from Emile Frau (Lyons), E G Boys, Bernard Reynolds, Charles Wagner (Vienna), J Bailey (Newark), J A B, W E Thompson, and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2638 received from H S Brandreth, Edward J Sharpe, E Loudon, J W Lock (Peterborough), W R B (Clifton), E G Boys, T G (Ware), M Burke, Bernard Reynolds, Emile Frau (Lyons), G Douglas Angus, J F Moon, A C Brook (Bickley), Martin F, T Roberts, E H, W H S (Peterborough), C E Perugini, Eldred E Tungerich (Paris), C D (Camberwell), W R Rallem, J D Tucker (Leeds), Fr Fernando (Glasgow), W Wright, Hereward, J Ross (Whitley), J Dixon, J T Blackmore (Edgbaston), J Hall, T L Fisher (Wolverhampton), Alpha, J W Scott (Newark), Sorrento, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), H B Hurford, R H Brooks, F Anderson, Shadforth, Nigel, G J Broome (Scarborough), Dawn, and G Joicey.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2637.—By REGINALD KELLY.

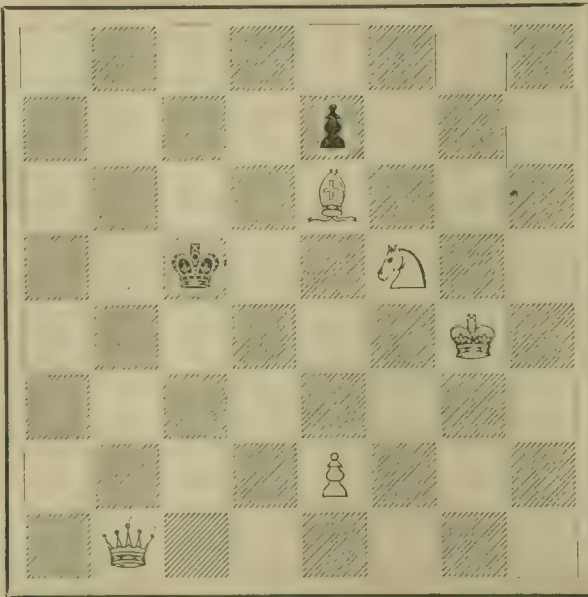
WHITE.
1. B to B 2nd
2. R to Q B 4th
3. Q or R mates

BLACK.
Any move
Any move

PROBLEM No. 2640.

By W. T. PIERCE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN NEWCASTLE.

Game played between Messrs. ZOLLNER and HEYWOOD.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. Z.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. Z.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	13.	B takes B
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	14. Kt to B 5th	Q to K sq
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd		Q to K 3rd was more prudent.
4. P to Q 3rd	B to B 4th	15. B takes Kt	P takes B
		16. K Kt to R 4th	K to R sq
		17. Kt to R 6th	Q to K 3rd
		18. P to K B 4th	B to Kt 4th
		19. Q to B 5th	
			White obtains a full equivalent in attack for loss of the exchange.
5. P to B 3rd	Castles	19.	B takes R
6. B to R 4th		20. R takes B	Q to Kt 3rd (ch)
		21. K to R sq	P takes P
		22. R takes P	Q to K 6th
		23. P to K Kt 3rd	P to R 4th
			The Black Knight is a prisoner at Q sq, and this is the only means of bringing the Q R into play.
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P	24. Kt (R 4) to B 5th	Q to B 8th (ch)
7. Q to K 2nd	Q takes P	25. K to Kt 2nd	R to R 3rd
8. P takes P	Q to K 2nd	26. R to Kt 4th	R to Kt 3rd
9. B to K Kt 5th	B to Q 2nd	27. P to Kt 3rd	Q takes P
10. Q Kt to Q 2nd	P to Q R 3rd	28. P takes B P	
11. Castles (K R)	B to Q 3rd		A beautiful move, which wins by force. The ending is very elegant.
		29.	Kt takes Q
		29. R to Kt 8th (ch)	R takes R
		30. Kt takes Kt.	Mate.

This is weak. P to Q Kt 4th, driving back the Bishop and shutting out the Knight, was the correct move.

12. Kt to B 4th Kt to Q sq
13. Kt takes B

White now gets the advantage in any case. If Q takes Kt, 14. Q R to Q sq; and if P takes Kt, 11. B takes B, &c.

The British Chess Code. (The British Chess Company, London).—We are not altogether sure of the need of another set of rules for the game, those already in existence affording ample choice to the devotees of law and order. Presuming, however, that a craving somewhere exists for perfection, this new compilation seems a determined attempt at satisfying it, and certainly brings legislation "up to date." Even the announcement of check is left optional, a sufficient proof of the "progressiveness" of this new code.

The great match of the London season took place on Oct. 20, when the Metropolitan and City of London Chess Clubs sat down at fifty boards to settle the question of supremacy. The teams were as powerful as could be brought together, many provincial amateurs being pressed into the ranks on both sides. After some hours' spirited play, the final adjudication of unfinished games provided the following result: Metropolitan, 25½; City of London, 23½.

The committee of the Homes for Little Boys, Farningham and Swanley, have felt great anxiety for many months past, owing to the fact that donations have seriously fallen off, while tradesmen's accounts have continued to fall due. In their emergency, a gentleman has given £3000 to a member of the committee, to be held in trust until a like sum is raised by the end of the present year, such sum to be exclusively devoted to the payment of outstanding tradesmen's accounts, which amount to something over £6000. It is earnestly hoped that the friends of the homes will place the committee in the position to claim this gift within the time specified. Contributions will be gratefully received by the treasurer, Mr. W. H. Willans, 3, Copthall Buildings, E.C.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

It is no very enviable matter to be a monarch. When our Queen wrote that she was "thankful that no one of her dear daughters" had been tried by ascending a throne in their youth; she was undoubtedly speaking in all sincerity, of that which she understood. But if this be true of the most peaceful and settled crown, how much more must it be so of the Russian, where the most absolute monarch that the world now contains is also of necessity the most lonely and the most unsafe? In 1889 I saw in Paris, at the establishment of the tailor whom the Czarina employs, the identical coat which she was wearing on the occasion of the terrible railway accident, which was the nearest to being successful of all the Nihilist plots against the life of the imperial couple, and from which neither of them has ever thoroughly recovered. The coat was made of very rough pilot cloth, navy blue, and fastened double-breasted with very large buttons. Two of the big buttons were wrenched out by the roots, and there was a slit across the bosom, appallingly near the seat of life, the heart. To have seen that makes one rather ready to offer condolences than congratulations to the Princess who may succeed to that position of great state and terrible responsibility and risk.

Lady Dufferin, on her way back to Paris, held a small but very influential meeting at the house of her daughter, Lady Helen Munro-Ferguson, in support of "Lady Dufferin's fund" for supplying women doctors to the Indian women. The great need for the work is indicated in the figures of the last year. No fewer than 12,500 in-patients (chiefly operations) and 600,000 out-patients were treated in the hospitals belonging to the fund: and a large number of other cases of high-caste women, but by whom no fees could be paid, were visited at home. Is it not sad to think that until a very few years ago all this mass of suffering was kept without any surgical relief on "moral and religious" grounds?—holy names in which many more sins against humanity have been and are committed than ever were worked in the name of Liberty! The Duchess of York has become a patroness of the fund, and it was the Queen herself who commended the effort to Lady Dufferin, when her Excellency first went to India.

The late Mr. Froude's version of history was noted for its belittlement of the great Elizabeth, which in his case was so curiously combined with an almost personal and passionate hatred for Elizabeth's rival, Mary Queen of Scots. It surely should be said, for the sake of the young student, that any person who is not already well informed on Elizabethan times and personalities should carefully avoid reading Froude's history of that eventful and crowded period of our national life; for many of the ideas of our great Queen brought away by a new student from those pages will be extremely erroneous. It was not so much absolute fiction that he gave as the distorted half-truth of special pleading. Starting with a theory to support (in the case of those two illustrious and equally interesting women, it was that Elizabeth was small, mean, and contemptible, and that Mary was vicious and hateful), he carefully suppressed all that told in the reverse direction, and emphasised the most doubtful and even spiteful and prejudiced records, that told in favour of his preconceptions. His oft-vaunted "picturesque" account of the execution of Mary is an illustration in point. The one proper principle of writing history surely is scientific impartiality and effort to achieve accuracy; and in that view he should have explained that his gloating account of the ugly looks of the poor murdered face when "the false hair fell off," was to be greatly discounted as taken from a tainted source—namely, a courtier's description of the dead beauty's looks, written expressly for the eyes of the jealous sister-Queen.

Flaws do not make a great and striking historical figure the less interesting, provided only they be accurately depicted. It makes the great Elizabeth more human, more real, and therefore more interesting, to know that she was not content with the recognition that she could not but extort from foreigners and subjects alike of her remarkable intellectual ability and her colossal self-reliant will-power, but that she pined and hungered to be admired as a beauty also. In her extreme old age, even, all who approached her, women as well as men, had to keep up that flattery of her person. Indeed, as years told on her, she became worse in this respect. "Dear Lady," wrote Montjoy, the General commanding in Ireland, to her when she was in her seventieth year, "since all the world are slaves to your fortune, as to your beauty, I have only chosen to profess my love in the unsuspected [i.e., above suspicion] language of faithful labour." A short time before, Penelope, Lady Rich, writing to plead the cause of her brother, the Earl of Essex, said: "Early this morning I had hoped to have had my eyes blest with your Majesty's beauty. . . . It must needs appear," adds the wicked flatterer, "that mercy is not far from such beauty," and she begs Elizabeth to let her mercy "be as renowned as your beauty, which hath shone throughout the world." One is tempted to suppose that the pretty young woman was "chaffing" the stern-visaged old lady; but no—the circumstances were too serious for any tricks. Lady Rich was earnest enough, and wrote thus because the Queen still expected it. A few years earlier, again, when Elizabeth was sixty-four, her Ambassador to the Court of France wrote to her to tell her that the King of France had pointed out to him a beautiful lady (*la belle Gabrielle*, no less!) and asked if she were not lovely. "I answered that if without offence I might speak it, I had the picture of a far more excellent mistress; and yet did her picture come far short of her perfection of beauty"; and so he goes on with a story of how the King went into ecstasies over the picture in question, and owned the hook-nosed sovereign lady of sixty-four to be more beautiful than any young woman in her bloom at his Court! Perhaps even a little funnier still is Raleigh's account of how the Indians of Guinea were overwhelmed with admiration by the Queen's beauty in the portrait that he carried. This singular mania, this one hopeless folly of the wise and learned Elizabeth, was more frankly displayed when it was a question of comparison between her and Mary Queen of Scots than even at other times. It appears incessantly in the relations between the two. How futile, therefore, to quote, as admitted evidence as to the utter loss of beauty of Mary, the document specially written for Elizabeth's jealous eyes!



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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 30, 1889) of Mr. Henry Wigan, of the firm of Wigans and Cosier, hop merchants, 15, Southwark Street, and of 98, Piccadilly, who died at Cranbrook, Kent, on Sept. 5, was proved on Oct. 19 by Edward Alfred Wigan, the brother, and William Maples, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £219,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to his executor, Mr. Maples, free of legacy duty; and £10,000 each to his sisters Miss Ada Elizabeth Wigan and Mrs. Henrietta Georgiana Mainwaring. The residue of his property, both real and personal, he gives to his said brother Edward Alfred.

The will (dated Aug. 18, 1893) of Mr. Ebenezer James Farley, of Vicarage Road, Leyton, Essex, who died on Oct. 1 at Boscombe, Bournemouth, was proved on Oct. 22 by Joseph Farley, the son, Miss Elizabeth Farley, the daughter, and William Roff, jun., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £86,000. The testator gives £150 to his executor, Mr. Roff; his freehold residence in Vicarage Road, with the furniture and effects, to his said daughter; £500 to his niece, Jane Roff; and an annuity of £50 to his daughter-in-law, Julia Emma Farley (the widow of his son, Ebenezer James Farley), until she shall marry again. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves in equal shares to his son Joseph, and his daughter Elizabeth.

The will and codicil (both dated Nov. 15, 1889) of Mr. Thomas Henry Neal, of 1, San Remo, Hove, Brighton, who died on July 3, were proved on Oct. 23 by the Rev. John Neal, the brother, and John Robert Pakeman, the

executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £37,000. The testator gives his share of certain property under the will of his great-uncle, William Neal, to his brothers; the books at his residence to his nephew, John Franklin Neal; his furniture and effects to his brothers, John, Herbert, and Alfred Ernest; and a legacy to his housekeeper. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves equally between his brothers and sisters.

The Irish probate, sealed at Dublin, of the will (dated July 12, 1882), with three codicils (dated June 29, 1889, June 23, 1891, and June 1894), of Mrs. Harriette Berwick, of Burham, Queen's Park, Monkstown, in the county of Dublin, who died on July 22 at Bray, granted to Walter Berwick and the Hon. Frederick Falkiner, two of the executors, was resealed in London on Oct. 19, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to over £29,000. The testatrix gives the proceeds of the sale of four pictures of Swift, Stella, Grattan, and Hobbes (which are to be offered at a valuation to the National Gallery, Leinster Lawn), her house and property called Bachelors' Hall, Dundrum, and £10,000, to found a Memorial Hospital or Home for sickly and delicate girls and women, not under fourteen or over thirty, to be selected without religious distinction, and so far as possible from the struggling industrious classes, such as shirtmakers, seamstresses, and others; £800 to Dr. Barnardo's Homes in London; £300 to Mrs. Smyley Elliott's home for the admission of children, and such sum as will produce £10 per annum to maintain a memorial bed; an annuity of £100 to her sister Maria Needham; and numerous other

pecuniary and specific legacies. She appoints Emily Berwick her residuary legatee, and solemnly bequeaths to her the care and guidance of her memorial home.

The will (dated Dec. 14, 1893) of Mr. Robert Watson Cosier, formerly of 7, Park Place, and late of Glasyn, Neutral Bay, Australia, who died on June 23, at sea, was proved on Oct. 17 by Miss Elfrida Cosier and William Harding Humphreys, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £22,000. The testator gives £1000 each to his nieces Ethel and Violet Wheeler, free of legacy duty; and the residue of his real and personal estate to Elfrida Nunn, absolutely.

The will (dated March 17, 1894), with a codicil (dated May 5 following) of Mrs. Margaret Bell, of 57, Tregunter Road, South Kensington, was proved on Oct. 19 by William Bacon and Ruggles Howard Athole Bryson Church, the grandsons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £10,618. The testatrix bequeaths £1234 Irish Consolidated Stock, upon trust, for her great-grandson William Bell Bacon; and specific and pecuniary legacies to daughter, grandchildren, nieces, and friends. The residue of her estate, both real and personal, she leaves, upon trust, for her daughter, Eliza Jane Church, for life, and then for her said two grandsons, Mr. W. Bacon and Mr. R. H. A. B. Church.

The will of Vice-Admiral John Seccombe, of Fairham, Paignton, Devon, who died on Sept. 17, was proved on Oct. 18 by William Roger Seccombe, the great-nephew, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7307.

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1½ pints ...	£3 15 0	£12 0 0
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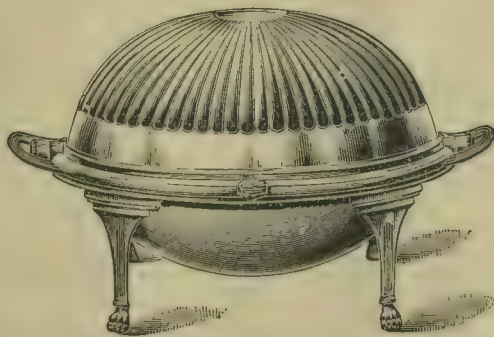
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Rev. E. J. Gough has been appointed to the important Vicarage of Newcastle. Mr. Gough has been since 1885 Vicar of St. Paul's, Dundee, and has contributed a volume of sermons to the "Preachers of the Age Series." He is a High Churchman.

The *Review of the Churches*, edited by Dr. Lunn, is to become a quarterly periodical.

Close upon one million children are in attendance on the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday schools.

The Bishop of Sodor and Man complains of the great poverty of his clergymen. He says that unless the ruinous competition in the corn market ceases, their incomes will fall to a pittance on which it will be impossible to work any more on present lines. The Bishop says he is disappointed at the unwillingness of visitors to help. Notwithstanding gloomy prophecies to the contrary, there were more visitors to the Isle of Man this year than ever.

Complaints are made by the Church papers that the Vicar of Christ Church, Mayfair, has permitted the marriage of a divorced person to take place in his church, and has himself performed the ceremony.

The Bishop of Manchester has given his approval to the Boys' Brigade movement. He says he would not be at all sorry to see a considerable portion of the boys of the Church's Lads' Brigades enter the volunteer or regular forces of the country.

The *Church Times* has raised over £1000 to fight the School Board battle. Many of the subscribers are, as might be expected, clergymen, but the laity are well represented.

In speaking of the consecration of Señor Cabrera, the Bishop of Southwell recently said that the only person who could not complain was the Pope of Rome, who had been doing such things against them for a very long time.

Dean Kitchin has completed his biography of Bishop Harold Browne, which ought to be very interesting. Bishop Browne was long in the centre of the Church's life, and had it not been for his advanced age would have been offered the Archbishopric of Canterbury.

The twenty-fifth dedication festival of St. Barnabas, Oxford, has been celebrated. The Rev. Montague Henry Noel has been vicar since its consecration. He was at the time of his appointment one of Dean Butler's curates at

Wantage, and has done no discredit to his training. As Oxford men know, the late Mr. Combe, of the Clarendon Press, was the founder of the church, and its work has been very successful. The late Walter Pater was a constant and regular attendant.

The following lines, which appear in a Church paper, are not without point at the present time—

Said Archdeacon to Bishop, "We're *oculus tuus*,
Which means that your Lordship is bound to see through us."
The Bishop he made but a short reply:
"My dearest Archdeacon, that's all my eye."
Said a scoffer who heard, "Now the reason we know
Why he hasn't seen clear for these three years or so."

It is stated that Canon Brooke is to resign the important living of Bath.

In the National Competition lately decided at South Kensington, a gold medal has been awarded to Miss Lilian Simpson for a book-cover with clasp modelled in low relief, executed upon a commission from the Council of the Art Union of London. Miss Simpson also gained the first travelling studentship and gold medal as best student of the year.

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ANTI-BILIOUS
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INDIGESTION,

ETC.

A RIDE TO KHIVA.

By Capt. Fred. Burraby, R.H.G.

"Two pairs of boots lined with fur were also taken; and for physic—with which it is as well to be supplied when travelling in out-of-the-way places—some Quinine and Cockle's Pills, the latter a most invaluable medicine, and one which I have used on the natives of Central Africa with the greatest possible success. In fact, the marvellous effects produced upon the mind and body of an Arab Sheikh, who was impervious to all native medicines when I administered to him five

COCKLE'S PILLS,

will never fade from my memory; and a friend of mine who passed through the same district many months afterwards, informed me that my fame as a 'medicine man' had not died out."

ALMOST DROVE HIM MAD.



Mr. George Price, Bank of England, St. Simon St., Salford, says:—

"For many years I have been afflicted with most excruciating pains in my limbs, which at times drove me almost mad, incapacitating me from attending to business for weeks at a time. After a few applications of ST. JACOBS OIL the change in me is simply marvellous—I am a new man. I have spent scores of pounds in doctors' medicines, but all have proved futile. I give you this information for the interests of my fellow

men, and you have my permission to make whatever use of same you think best."

GOOD OLD ST. JACOB.

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HAIR PRODUCER & RESTORER.

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POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

Fish-Napkins, 2/11 per doz.

Table-Cloths, 2 yards square, 2/11; 2 1/2 yards by 3 yards, 5/6 per doz.

Cloths, 11 1/4 each; Strong Huckaback Towels, 4/6 per doz.; Filled Linen Pillow-Cases, from 1/2 1/2 each.

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MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.

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IS THE EMPIRE DOOMED?

WHAT EMPIRE? Surely not Japan, where so much attention is paid to their Diet. If it is China that is referred to, that is an open question—a very open one. Have we not read that the Empress of that Empire has dispatched to the soldiers at the seat of war forty chests of preventive pills? Readers ask—"What Pills?" We know not whether they are "made in England" or manufactured in China, but it is a large order. The Proprietor of BEECHAM'S PILLS presumes pills, especially preventive pills, will be now considered contraband of war. It is better to take pills before war or before disagreement of any kind: it is only an ill liver or an evil liver that causes trouble. In such cases "The Pill is mightier than the Sword."

BUT TO CHANGE THE "CHANT"—from Peking to London, from war to music, from the parade of soldiers to the promenade of pleasure, from the battle-field with its *vivandieres* to the bar with its attractions, from the warriors *hors de combat* to the dudes hoarse with confab, from bullets to ballets, from tunics to tights—here again it is not all harmony. But in the multitude of Councillors there is wisdom. Many a Living Picture owes its present charming appearance to BEECHAM'S PILLS; there is no question about that. Living pictures of health—thanks to BEECHAM'S PILLS—can be seen daily and nightly in our streets, and in fact everywhere. We hear of licenses refused, but the patent medicine license encounters no opposition, because it meets a general need. It is satisfactory to find party politicians, priests, Puritans, prurient persons, and publicans all of one mind where BEECHAM'S PILLS are concerned, and publicly or privately pronouncing them to be Worth a Guinea a Box.

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PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES.

In Packets containing 12, and Boxes containing 24, 50, and 100.

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THE FAULKNER DIAMOND, being a hard Crystal, will stand any amount of wear, is most beautifully cut and faceted by the first lapidaries of the day. The purity and dark rich fire of these stones are unsurpassable, and infinitely superior to many expensive real gems of inferior quality. The great reputation of the FAULKNER DIAMOND is now well known all over the world. The stones are set in gold and silver by most experienced setters, and can be mounted side by side with the finest brilliants. They are patronised for Court and all great occasions. Thousands of Testimonials can be seen from all parts of the world. The public are cordially invited to inspect the marvellous selection now on view, which we guarantee will surpass most sanguine expectations.

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A. FAULKNER, Manufacturing Jeweller, KIMBERLEY HOUSE, 98, THE QUADRANT, REGENT STREET, W.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

With the exception of Dion Boucicault's "London Assurance," a play of about the same age, only a single year separating them, I do not suppose that any piece in modern costume has lasted so well as Bulwer Lytton's "Money." It was produced at the Haymarket over fifty years ago with a wonderful cast: Macready, Helen Faucit, Mrs. Glover, Benjamin Webster, Walter Lacy, David Rees—these were names to conjure with. From all I can gather, these famous actors and actresses did not take very kindly to the play. In those days classicism was rampant, and anything modern was either snubbed or despised; in fact, the actor and actress were never so happy as when playing in fancy dress. It is not so now. In modern costumes they are admirable; in another age or period they are, except in a very few instances, stiff, awkward, and unnatural. We have exactly reversed the picture. When Bulwer Lytton wrote "The Lady of Lyons," which also has survived the knocking-about and criticism of half a century, he was able to add to his high-flown style and exaggerated metaphor, his mellifluous verse of the "Keep-sake" and "Gift-Book" order, a picturesque costume. But the period of our history that dates about 1840 was anything but picturesque in the matter of costume. True Walter Lacy, a "buck" of the period, had his Sir Frederick Blount's coats, vests, and inexpressibles made by the

tailor of Count D'Orsay; but, well or ill, the costume had nothing whatever to do with the play. Though fifty years old the cast is essentially modern in tone, and I think Mr. Hare was wise in dressing it as he does, for no good would have been gained by going back to the earliest years of the Victorian era. Among the actors in the original cast I have seen Helen Faucit, Priscilla Horton, Walter Lacy, Benjamin Webster—never Macready, though I might have done so, having seen Madame Vestris in 1848. Certainly among the best Alfred Evelyns of our time have been Charles Coghlan and Forbes Robertson. Coghlan, perhaps, fell with more success into the occasionally stilted style of the play and gave more conviction to its sentiments, though standing side by side with essentially modern comedians, who made it, or tried to make it, as up-to-date as he attempted in every sentence to post-date it. But Forbes Robertson's earnestness, his passionate style, and his conscientious tone, are perhaps better suited to a cast from which all notion of the year 1840 has dropped out. Tradition tells us of the many excellences of Mrs. Glover, her geniality and rough humour; but I very much doubt if Lady Franklin has ever been better played than by Mrs. Bancroft, by far the best comedy actress of our age. She is tempted, of course, by her keen sense of fun and her vast experience to do sometimes more than is set down for her, but if ever this were excusable it is so in the case of this inimitable artist. She cannot bear a dull stage, and a dull

stage is one of the sad products of modern acting. Mrs. Bancroft is unequalled in her power of communicating the electricity of her style to those around her. She wakens them up, and when they awaken so does the audience. Dull, uninspired acting makes dull, stupid audiences, and it only requires half an eye to see how any play starts to life again directly Mrs. Bancroft is on the stage. She has style, she has humour, she has genius, and your Pineros, and Joneses, and Grundys, and Wildes, and all the clever dramatists of the day never dream of writing a part or a marked character for one who in her own line has no rival. Since Robertson died who has done anything for Mrs. Bancroft? And who is there who would do greater justice to a woman of to-day—a woman of the world, an observant, clever, up-to-date woman—than Mrs. Bancroft? The more I see of her in these old plays the more I wonder that no modern dramatist allows her to create a new part. A very valuable extract from a letter written by Bulwer Lytton to a friend soon after the production of "Money," recently published, shows how disappointed the author was at the failure of Strickland as Sir John Vesey. Bulwer Lytton regarded this character as the pivot of the play, and as the one important comic character on which the plot depended. I wish he could have lived to see Mr. John Hare's Sir John Vesey—surely the veritable "Stingy Jack" that the author intended to appear on his canvas. Some of us have often wondered why Mr. Hare had

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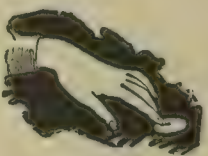
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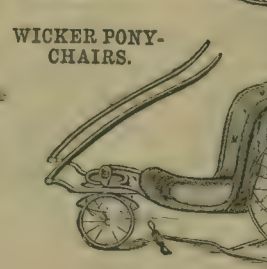
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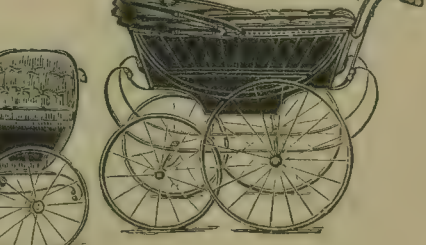


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not selected Graves, a part that would have suited him to perfection. All who have seen this inimitable artist in a drawing-room sketch called "A Visit of Condolence"—a mute sketch, but a gem of facial expression—would guess what the Graves of Mr. Hare would be. But he is a conscientious artist, and doubtless thought it would be better for the play as a whole if he took up Sir John Vesey again, and left Graves to that excellent comedian Mr. Arthur Cecil. At any rate, Mr. John Hare has succeeded exactly where Bulwer Lytton declared Strickland to have failed. So far as laughter and applause are concerned, the audience does not appear to reject "Money" on account of its old-fashioned cut. And for a very good reason. There is

plenty of human nature in it. I don't if any of our modern artificial comedies will last as long.

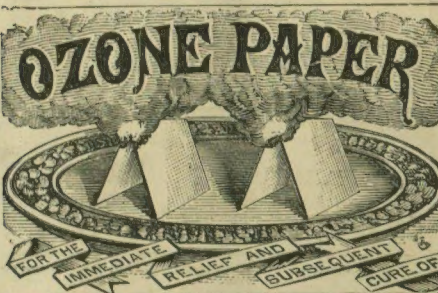
The announcement of a new burlesque on "Ivanhoe" once more brings up old memories. The Brothers Brough burlesqued Sir Walter Scott's novel at the Haymarket in 1850. What a cast! J. Bland was Cedric; Charles Selby, Sir Brian; Mrs. Keeley, Ivanhoe; Braid, Prince John; Buckstone, Wamba; Keeley, Isaac of York; Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Robin Hood; Mrs. Leicester Buckingham, Rowena; and Miss Priscilla Horton (Mrs. German Reed), Rebecca. As an old friend wrote to me recently, "That is a cast that in the present day would take a good deal of beating." We next come to Boxing Night,

in the year 1862, where we find at the Strand Theatre H. J. Byron's burlesque on "Ivanhoe." On this occasion H. Turner was Cedric; Charlotte Saunders (what an artist!) Ivanhoe; Charles Rice was Sir Brian; John Clarke, Isaac of York; Fanny Josephs, Prince John; Polly Marshall, Wamba; Ada Swanborough, Rowena; and "dismal Jemmy" Rogers was a Rebecca never to be forgotten. It is not generally known that on the same night that Byron's "Ivanhoe" was performed in London it was produced by Alexander Henderson at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool. On this occasion Henry J. Byron, the author, played Isaac of York, and from what I can hear the performance was a dreadful failure.

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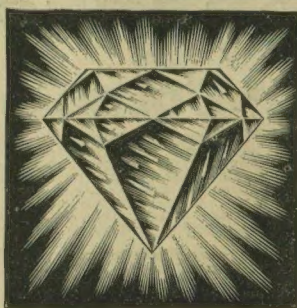
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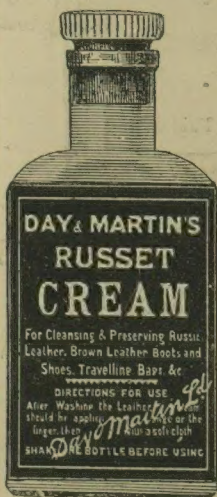
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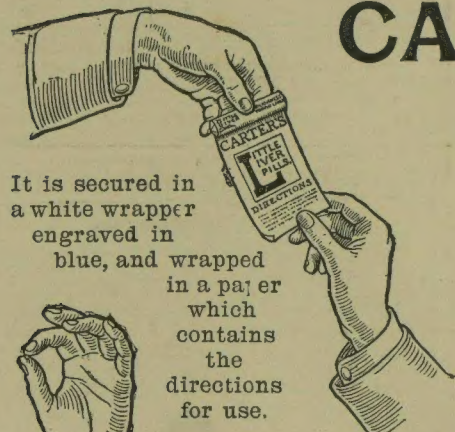


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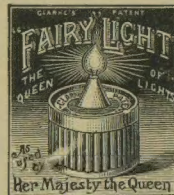
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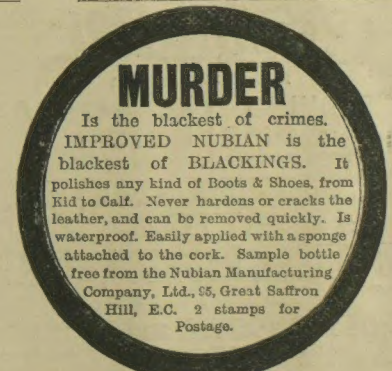
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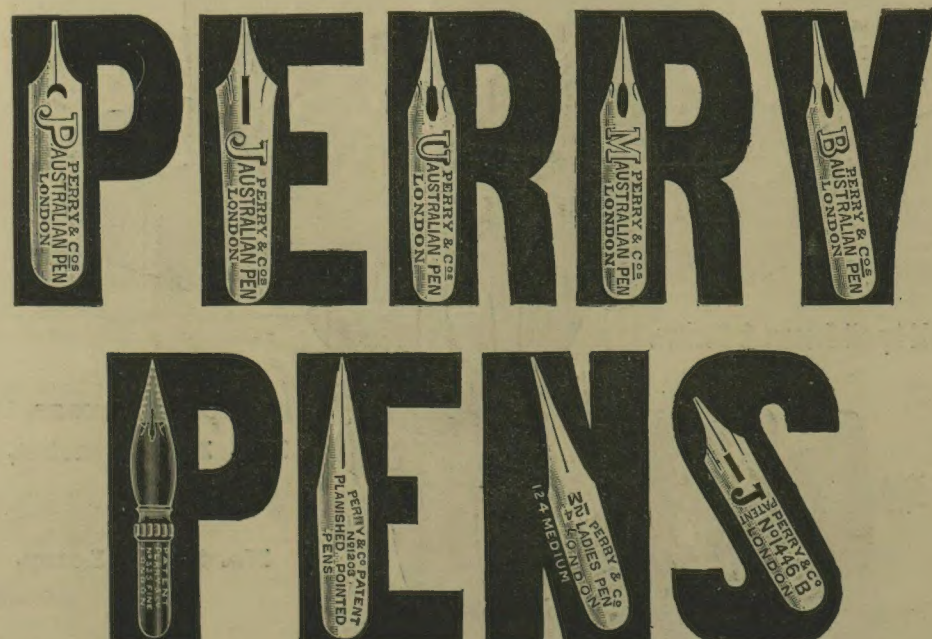
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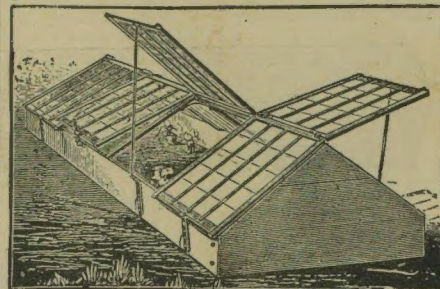
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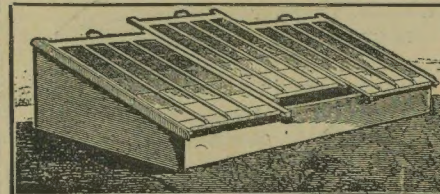
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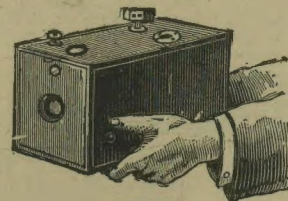
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